PSYCHE:

Syn.6.68.41

A

TRAGEDY,

As it is now Acted

At Their Majesties Theatre

IN

DORSET-GARDEN.

Written by

THO. SHADWELL, Laur.

LONDON,

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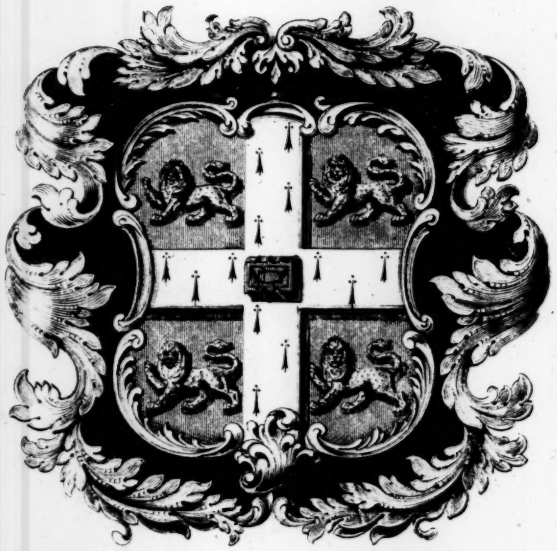

Academiæ Cantabrigiensis
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To the Most Illustrious Prince, JAMES DUKE of MONMOUTH, &c.

May it please your Grace,

YOur Grace has so Nobly Patronized this Undertaking, that I should rob you of your due, if I should not humbly lay this Play at your Feet, since by your great and generous encouragement of it, you have made that and the Author eternally your own. But had I never received any Obligation, by my particular Inclination I am bound to your Grace, since I am the most humble admirer of your Heroick Virtues, who by your early and unimitable Example, and by your eminent Command, are the greatest Patron of Arms; and by your Government of the most famous of Universities, are become the greatest Protector of Arts: of that University, which I can never mention without reverence; and from which I have yet another Tie to your Grace, since I had once the honour to be a Member of that Illustrious Society, which though it be the most Learned in the World, can boast of no greater Honour than that of being commanded by so excellent a Prince; one who is equally Valiant against his Enemies, and Courteous to his Friends; whose boundless Courage is always ready to vanquish the one, and whose Princely Generosity is always ready to oblige the other.

I shall not here recite those Heroick Actions, which all *Europe* have celebrated, and none have equall'd: Those are too

Great for an Epiſtle Dedicatory, and only fit for ſolid, laſting Hiſtory; which certainly muſt do your Grace that right, to Enrol you in the foremoſt Rank of Fame. Nor can we doubt, but the memory of your Grace's Actions will laſt, when Time ſhall have devoured the Places where they were performed: When *Maſtrick* ſhall be a heap of Rubbiſh, and the name might otherwiſe be ſwallow'd in the Ruine, it will be remembred by the greateſt Action in the World, done there by the Greateſt and the Earlieſt Hero, and by one, who for all his fierceneſs of Courage, has yet that Gentleneſs to Mankind, that he thinks that day loſt, in which he does not oblige. One who is not only infinitely bleſs'd in the moſt excellent Partner of his Joys and Cares, happy above meaſure in the Goods of Mind, the Perfections of Body, and the greateſt Splendour and Ornaments of Fortune, but he enjoys all theſe unenvied; nay, is not only free from every Mans Envy, but has his love.

I ſhould be afraid of this boldneſs, in once mentioning things ſo much above my Pen, were I not aſſured of your Grace's Generoſity, that enclines you to pardon, even a well-intended Errour, in your humble Creature, who begs Protection from you, and needs it too.

I have, by my misfortune, not my fault, met with ſome Enemies, who are always ready to do me the irreparable injury, to blaſt my Reputation with the King; and when I have the Honour to pleaſe Him, (which is of all things in the World, my greateſt Ambition) endeavour to perſwade him, that I do not write the Plays I own, or at leaſt, that the beſt part of them are written for me; which is ſo malicious an aſperſion, that I am ſure they themſelves believe it not, and they may as well accuſe me of firing the City. I am ſure (though I may want Wit to write a Play) I have more honeſty than to own what another Man writes. But I am not yet ſo poor as to borrow; if I ſhould, I ſhould find not many that are rich enough to lend, Wit being much a ſcarcer Commodity than Money, I am ſure with ſome who have reported this of me; who what ever they have of one, have ſcare enough of the other to ſupply their own neceſſities; and therefore I ſhould be but very ſlenderly furniſhed from them.

I can never enough acknowledge the Honour done me by your Incomparable Dutcheſs, in endeavouring to clear me of this Aſperſion:

Aſperſion: And who would not be proud of being aſperſed, to be ſo vindicated? From this and ſome other injuries of my Enemies, I humbly beg your Grace's Protection, who, I am ſure, have Goodneſs and Greatneſs enough to defend me againſt them: And I had rather owe it to your Grace, than to any Man: For no Man is more than I,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

Moſt devoted

humble Servant,

Tho. Shadwell.

PRE-

PREFACE.

IN a good natur'd Countrey, I doubt not but this my first Essay in Rhime would be at least forgiven; especially when I promise to offend no more in this kind: But I am sensible, that here I must encounter a great many Difficulties. In the first place (though I expect more Candor from the best Writers in Rhime) the more moderate of them (who have yet a numerous party, good Judges being very scarce) are very much offended with me, for leaving my own Province of Comedy, to invade their Dominion of Rhime: But methinks they might be satisfied, since I have made but a small incursion, and am resolv'd to retire. And were I never so powerful, they should escape me, as the Northern People did the Romans, their craggy barren Territories, being not worth the Conqu'ring. The next sort I am to encounter with, are those who are too great admirers of the French Wit, who (if they do not like this Play) will say, the French Phyche is much better; if they do, they will say, I have borrow'd it all from the French. Whether the French be better, I leave to the Men of Wit (who understand both Languages) to determine; I will only say, Here is more variety, and the Scenes of Passion are wrought up with more Art; and this is much more a Play than that. And I will be bold to affirm that this is as much a Play, as could be made upon this Subject. That I have borrow'd it all from the French, can only be the objection of those, who do not know that it is a Fable, written by Apuleus in his Golden Ass; where you will find most things in this Play, and the French too. For several things concerning the Decoration of the Play, I am oblig'd to the French, and for the Design of two of the only moving Scenes in the French, which I may say, without vanity, are very much improv'd, being wrought up with more Art in this, than in the French Play, without borrowing any of the thoughts from them.

In a thing written in five weeks, as this was, there must needs be many Errors, which I desire true Criticks to pass by; and which perhaps I see my self, but having much bus'ness, and indulging my self with some pleasure too, I have not had Leisure to mend them, nor would it indeed be worth the pains, since there are so many splendid Objects in the Play, and such variety of Diversion, as will not give the Audience leave to mind the Writing; and I doubt not but the Candid Reader will forgive the faults, when he considers, that the great Design was to entertain the Town with variety of Musick, curious Dancing, splendid Scenes and Machines: And that I do not, nor ever did, intend to value my self upon the writing of this Play. For I had rather be Author of one Scene of Comedy, like some of Ben. Johnson's, than of all the best Plays of this kind that have been, or ever shall be written: Good Comedy requiring much more Wit and

Judgment

Judgment in the Writer, than any Rhyming unnatural Plays can do: This I have so little valu'd, that I have not alter'd six lines in it since it was first written, which, (except the Songs at the Marriage of Psyche *in the last Scene) was all done Sixteen months since. In all the words which are sung, I did not so much take care of the Wit or Fancy of 'em, as the making of 'em proper for Musick; in which I cannot but have some little knowledge, having been bred, for many years of my Youth, to some performance in it.*

I chalked out the way to the Composer (in all but the Song of Furies *and* Devils, *in the Fifth Act) having design'd which Line I wou'd have sung by One, which by Two, which by Three, which by four Voices, &c. and what manner of Humour I would have in all the Vocal Musick.*

And by his excellent Composition, that long known, able, and approved Master of Musick, Mr. Lock, (Composer *to His Majesty, and Organist to the Queen) has done me a great deal of right; though I believe, the unskilful in Musick will not like the more solemn part of it, as the Musick in the Temple of* Apollo, *and the Song of the* Despairing Lovers, *in the Second Act; both which are proper and admirable in their kinds, and are recommended to the judgment of able Musicians; for those who are not so, there are light and airy things to please them.*

All the Instrumental Musick (which is not mingled with the Vocal) was Composed by that Great Master, Seignior Gio. Baptista Draghi, *Master of the Italian Musick to the King. The Dances were made by the most famous Master of* France, *Monsieur* St. Andree. *The Scenes were Painted by the Ingenious Artist, Mr.* Stephenson. *In those things that concern the Ornament or Decoration of the Play, the great industry and care of Mr.* Betterton *ought to be remember'd, at whose desire I wrote upon this Subject.*

POSTSCRIPT.

I Had borrow'd something from two Songs of my own, which, till this Play was Printed, I did not know were publick; but I have since found 'em Printed in Collections of Poems, *viz.* part of the Song of the *Despairing Lovers*, in the Second Act, and about eight lines in the first Act, beginning at this line, *'Tis frail as an abortive Birth.* This I say to clear my self from Thiev'ry, 'tis none to rob my self.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

As a young wanton when she first begins,
With shame, and with regret of Conscience sins;
So fares our trembling Poet the first time,
He has committed the lewd sin of Rhime,
While Custom hardens others in the Crime.
It might in him that boldness too beget,
To lay about him without Fear or Wit:
But humbly he your pardon does implore;
Already he repents, and says he'll sin no more.
His business now is to shew splendid Scenes,
T' interpret 'twixt the Audience and Machines.
You must not here expect exalted Thought,
Nor lofty Verse, nor Scenes with labour wrought:
His Subject's humble, and his Verse is so;
This Theme no thund'ring Raptures would allow,
Nor would he, if he could, that way pursue.
He'd ride unruly Fancy with a Bit,
And keep within the bounds of Sense and Wit,
Those bounds no boisterous Fustian will admit.
And did not gentle Hearers oft dispence
With all the Sacred Rules of Wit and Sense;
Such tearing Lines, as crack the Writers Brain,
And the laborious Actors Lungs o'r-strain,
Wou'd, on our Stages, be roar'd out in vain.
In all true Wit a due proportion's found,
To the just Rules of heighth and distance bound.
Wit, like a Faulcon tow'ring in its flight,
When once it soars above its lawful height,
Lessens, till it becomes quite out of sight.
But of such flights there is no danger now;
He would not soar too high, nor creep too low:
Howe'r he hopes you will excuse his haste,
For he this gawdy Trifle wrote so fast;
Five weeks begun and finish'd this design,
In those few hours he snatch'd from Friends and Wine;
And since in better things h' has spent his time,
With which he hopes e'r long t' atone this Crime.
But he, alas! has several pow'rful Foes,
Who are unjustly so, and yet he knows,
They will, whate'r he writes, though good, oppose.
If he the honour has to please the best,
'Tis not his fault if he offends the rest:
But none of them yet so severe can be,
As to condemn this Trifle more than he.

PSY.

PSYCHE:

ACT I.

The Scene is a very deep Walk in the midſt of a mighty Wood, through which, is ſeen a Proſpect of a very pleaſant Country.

Enter Pſyche *and two Ladies.*

Pſyc. HOW charming are theſe Meads and Groves!
The Scene of Innocence and Artleſs Loves;
Where Intereſt no diſcord moves.
No ſtormy paſſions can the mind invade,
No Sacred Truſt is violated here.
1 *Lad.* Man does not here his own kind fear,
Traps are for Wolves and Foxes made,
And Toils for Beaſts, not Men, are laid;
Man is not here by Man betray'd.
2 *Lad.* Here no Man's ruine is with baſeneſs ſought,
For in this happy place no Court-like Arts are taught.
Pſyc. How pleaſant is this undiſturb'd retreat,
With harmleſs Joys, and Rural Sports,
Free from tumultuous Cares that trouble Courts,
And all the Factions which diſturb the Great.
1 *Lad.* How vain their gaudy Pomp and Show,
To which the cheated vulgar bow!
Their Splendor and their per'ſhing Pride,
Their ſhining Revels, their adult'rate Joys,
When in the midſt of all this pomp and noiſe,
In their unquiet minds ſtill anxious thoughts reſide?
2 *Lad.* Their Triumphs are diſturb'd with fears,
Their Joys allay'd with griefs and cares:
Envy and Pride poſſeſs each Breaſt,
And guilty dreams diſtract their Reſt.
Pſyc. From Sleep to dang'rous Arts they 'wake;
To undermine each other, all mean ways they take.
Each ſtrives who ſhall his Monarch lead,
Though at the price of his own Father's Head:

Nor care they how much they their Prince miſguide,
To ſerve their Luſt, their Avarice, and Pride.
1 *Lad.* Yet there the Mighty are not proſp'rous long,
Though ne'r ſo cunning, ne'r ſo ſtrong;
Though ne'r ſo much endear'd to th' Crown:
Freſh Favourites ſucceed and pull them down.
Pſyc. As a black Cloud which the groſs Earth exhales,
Swell'd and oppreſt with its own weight,
Down to the Earth rent with fierce Lightning falls:
So ſplendid Fav'rites in their envy'd height,
Big with the ſwellings of their Pride and Pow'r,
Do ſeldom ſcape the diſmal hour,
When by ſome new-rais'd Meteors torn,
They from the higheſt Pinacle of fate,
Fall to the moſt dejected ſtate,
And, from the Idols of the World, become the ſcorn.
Theſe troubles in my Father's Court I've ſeen,
And ne'r can wiſh to be a Queen.
1 *Lad.* Cannot ſo many pow'rful Princes move
Pſyche's obdurate heart to Love?
2 *Lad.* Not one who can a Prince in *Greece* be call'd,
Who is not by your Eyes enthrall'd:
Each Prince great *Pſyche* does adore,
And pity from her heart implore.
1 *Lad.* But you with all their charms unmov'd remain,
And ſmile when every Captive ſhakes his Chain.
Pſyc. Not all the Pomp of Courts can e'r remove
Me from the Pleaſures of the quiet Grove:
Each pretty Nymph to me her Tribute yields
Of all the fragrant Treaſure of the Fields.
Garlands and Wreaths they bring
From the ſweet boſom of the Spring.
And with their rural Numbers ſing my Praiſe,
In ſoft delights paſſing their quiet days.
Princes in all the Calms of Peace,
Have no ſuch powerful Charms as theſe:
Shall I for Courts abandon this ſoft life,
For ſplendid Beggary, and for ſmiling ſtrife?
[*A Symphony of Recorders and ſoft Muſick.*
What Harmony is this which fills the Air?
And does my Senſes charm?
2 *Lad.* Some Entertainment your poor Swains prepare,
Which they each day perform.

Enter

Enter *Pan* with his Followers, and ſings in Recitative.

Pan ſings. *Great* Pſyche, *Goddeſs of each Field and Grove,*
Whom every Prince and every God does love:
To your all-commanding hand
Pan *yields his Sovereign Command.*
For you the Satyrs *and the* Fawns
Shall nimbly trip it o'er the Lawns:
For you the Shepherd's Pipe and Sing,
And with their Nymphs Dance in a Ring.
Fruits ſhall they bring, and pretty Garlands weave,
And ſhall the Meads of all their Sweets bereave:
Vertumnus *and* Flora *their Tribute ſhall pay,*
And to Pſyche *ſhall dedicate this happy day.*
The Sylvans *and* Dryads *ſhall Dance all around,*
And Pſyche *dread Queen of this place ſhall be Crown'd.*
My Lov'd Syrinx *and* Echo *ſhall Sing and ſhall Play,*
And to Pſyche *ſhall dedicate this happy day.*
Chor. *And* Pan *who before all here did command,*
Now reſigns all his Empire to Pſyche's *fair hand.*

[They all kneel and ſing the *Chorus.*

While the following *Symphony*'s playing, *Pan* Crowns her with a Garland; his Attendants preſent her with Fruits, Flowers, *&c.*

A ſhort *Symphony* of Ruſtick Muſick, repreſenting the Cries and Notes of Birds. Then an Entry Danc'd by Four *Sylvans* and Four *Dryads* to Ruſtick Muſick. At the end of the Dance, the *Dryads*, upon their Knees, preſent *Pſyche* with Fruits and Flowers; and the *Sylvans* preſent her with Wreaths of Lawrel, Myrtle and Cyprus. Then *Exeunt* Sylv. *and* Dryads. Then a ſhort *Symphony* of Ruſtick Muſick, repreſenting an *Echo*. The *Dryads* and *Sylvans* preſenting their Offerings. [*One ſings.*

1 Voice. *Great* Pſyche *ſhall find no ſuch pleaſure as here*
Echo. *no ſuch pleaſure as here,*
as here.

2 Voices. *Where her dutiful Subjects ſhall all ſtand in awe*
Echo. *ſhall all ſtand in awe*
in awe.

3 Voices. *Her Frowns and her Smiles ſhall give us all Law*
Echo. *ſhall give us all Law*
all Law.

4 Voices. *And from us of Rebellion ſhe need have no fear*
Echo. *ſhe need have no fear*
no fear.

Voices, Flajolets, Violins, Cornets, Sackbuts, Hoa-boys: all join in *Chorus*.

[Here the Singers mingle with the Dancers.

Chor. *How happy are thoſe that inhabit this place,*
Where a ſigh is ne'r heard, where no falſhood we meet,
Where each ſingle heart agrees with the face.
No Climate was ever ſo calm and ſo ſweet,
Echo. *was ever ſo calm and ſo ſweet,*
ſo calm and ſo ſweet,
ſo ſweet.

1 Voice. *To beauteous* Pſyche *all Devotion is due,*
Echo. *all Devotion is due,*
is due.

2 Voices. *Our humble Offerings ſhe will not deſpiſe,*
Echo. *ſhe will not deſpiſe,*
deſpiſe.

3 Voices. *Since the Tribute is offer'd from hearts that are true,*
Echo. *from hearts that are true,*
are true.

4 Voices. *From hearts all devoted to* Pſyche's *bright Eyes,*
Echo. *to* Pſyche's *bright Eyes,*
bright Eyes.

Chor. *How happy are thoſe*, &c. [They Dance.

Pſyc. Oh happy Solitude! Oh ſweet Retreat!
Free from the noiſe and troubles of the Great!
Not all the wealth of all the World ſhall charm
Me from this calm retirement here,
Where I enjoy all pleaſure, know no fear,
No Joy can here ſurprize, nor Danger can alarm.

Enter four Women, perſonating Ambition, Power, Plenty *and* Peace.

What new unwelcome Gueſts are theſe,
That wou'd invade my Peace?
Amb. We come t' invite you from your vicious eaſe,
To Courts, where glorious Actions are perform'd.
Leave lazy Groves for active Palaces,
Where you by great *Ambition* may be warm'd;
By me to noble thoughts may be inflam'd;
To think of Ruling Kings, not ſilly Swains,
Each day your Beauty a new Captive gains,
And in all Courts no other Beauty's nam'd.
Power. I from your Solitude do you invite,
And I am ſhe for whom all Monarchs fight,

Power,

Power, Mankind's ſupreme delight.
Fair *Pſyche* to the Court, come follow me,
Numbers of Tributary Kings ſhall kneel to thee.
What e'r can be within the proſpect of thy Thought,
Shall inſtantly to thee by humble Slaves be brought.
Plenty. *Pſyche*, this lonely Deſart quit,
The Scene of homelineſs and poverty:
A ſplendid Palace does your ſtate beſit,
Where you ſhall be adorn'd by me,
With all the Treaſures of the Eaſt and Weſt.
Thy life ſhall be but one continu'd Feaſt,
And every Prince ſhall be thy Gueſt.
All delicates I'll find for thy content,
Which Luxury, inſpir'd by Wit, can e'r invent.
Peace. And I to Crown all theſe,
Will give you everlaſting Peace;
Peace that no Fiends ſhall ever harm,
Nor the mad tumults of Mankind alarm:
My Olive ſtill ſhall flouriſh where you are,
For Peace ſhould always wait upon the fair.

Pſyc. Happy are they who know Ambition leaſt.
I'm only ſafe and quiet, while my breaſt
Is not with baſe ambitious thoughts oppreſt,
Too turbulent to let poor mortals reſt.

O'er all my Tyrant Paſſions Power I have,
And ſcorn that Pow'r which can but rule a Slave.

The uſe of mighty Riches is but ſmall;
Beſides I, nothing coveting, have all.

Peace, with ſuch vain Companions never dwells,
She's only ſafe in humble Groves and Cells.

Envy *with ſix Furies ariſe, at which* Ambition, Power, Plenty *and* Peace *run away affrighted.*

1 *Lad*. What dreadful Viſion does diſtract our ſight!
Do not theſe Fiends your mighty mind ſurprize?
Pſyc. Their ugly ſhapes bring wonder to my eyes,
But nothing can my conſtant mind affright.
Envy ſings. Envy 'gainſt Pſyche *ſuch black ſtorms ſhall raiſe,*
As all her pow'rful beams ſhall ne'r diſpel:
Beyond her ſtrength ſhall be her ſuffering;
Her to the greateſt miſery I'll bring,
And e'r I've done, I'll ſend her down to Hell.

1 Fury.

1 Fury. *In Hell, too late she shall relent,*
And all her arrogance repent.
2 Fury. *We Furies will torment your Soul,*
And you shall weep and howl.
1 Fury. *And at the sight of ev'ry Snake,*
Tremble and quake.
2 Fury. *There you shall mourn eternally,*
And to the quick shall feel each lash we give:
1 Fury. *There you shall always wish to dye,*
And yet in spight of you shall always live.
Chor. of all. *There you shall always*, &c.

[*Envy* and *Furies* sink.

2 *Lad.* What horrid words are these we hear?
I am amost dissolv'd with fear:
Can Envy this sweet dwelling find?
1 *Lad.* Envy the greatest Bane to all Mankind.
What dreadful Fate does she foretel?
What Prophecy is this?
The gods will sure do much amiss,
Should they permit you to be snatch'd to Hell.
Psyc. Fate! do thy worst, thou ne'r shalt trouble me,
The Innocent within themselves are free:
Envy, I can be valiant against thee.

Enter Prince Nicander.

2 *Lad.* But see the Prince *Nicander* does appear:
Industrious Love pursues you every where.
Nican. Madam, I to this Solitude am come,
Humbly from you to hear my latest doom.
Psyc. The first Command which I did give,
Was, that you should not see me here:
The next Command you will receive,
Much harsher will to you appear.
Nican. How long, fair *Psyche*, shall I sigh in vain?
How long of scorn and cruelty complain?
Your eyes enough have wounded me,
You need not add your cruelty.
You against me too many weapons chuse,
Who am defenceless against each you use.
Psyc. Shall no conceal'd retirement keep me free
From Loves vexatious importunity?
I in my Father's Court too long endur'd
The ill which I by absence thought t' have cur'd?
Nican. Planets, that cause our Fates, cannot be long obscur'd,
Though Comets vanish from our sense,
When they've dispers'd their fatal influence,

And

And nothing but the ſad effects remain,
Yet Stars that govern us, wou'd hide themſelves in vain.
The momentary Clouds muſt ſoon be paſt,
Which wou'd their brightneſs overcaſt.
Pſy. Why ſhould *Nicander* thus purſue in vain
Her, o'r whoſe mind he can no Conqueſt gain:
For though my Body thus abroad you ſee,
My Mind ſhall ſtay within and keep its privacy.
Nican. Blame not the paſſion you your ſelf create,
Which is to me reſiſtleſs as my Fate:
Can *Pſyche* own ſuch Cruelties,
As vainly Prieſts impute to Deities?
To puniſh the Affections they inſpire,
As if they'd kindle to put out a fire.
If from the Gods we any gifts receive,
Our Appetites of Nature they muſt give.
Let Prieſts for Self-denial then contend,
If we 'gainſt Nature go, we Heav'n offend,
Who made that Nature to purſue its end.
Nature's deſires Heav'n's known preſcriptions are,
Of greater certainty than others far:
Prieſts Inſpirations may but Dreams be found,
Th' effects of Vapors or of Spleens unſound:
But Nature cannot err in her own way,
And though Prieſts may, ſhe cannot lead aſtray.
Pſyc. Nature the Gods firſt uncorrupted made,
But to corruption 'twas by Man betray'd;
Which when ſo much exorbitant they found,
What firſt they had made free, they juſtly bound.
Nican. If Nature be not what the Gods firſt meant,
Then pow'rful Man defeated Heavens intent.
If the Gods Engine of the World muſt be
Mended by them, how did they then foreſee?
Muſt Men, like Clocks, be alter'd to go right?
Or though wound up by Nature, muſt ſtand ſtill?
Muſt we againſt our own affections fight,
And quite againſt the Bias bend the will?
Pſyc. Againſt your ſelf y' have pleaded all this time;
If not to follow Nature be a crime,
Mine ſo averſe to Love by Heav'n is made,
She above all by me ſhall be obey'd.

Enter Polynices.

Nican. Nature incites all humane kind to love;
Who deny that, unnatural muſt prove.
How, *Polynices*, my great Rival here!
This is the only way I him can fear:

His

His Arms are far leſs dreadful than his Love.
Pſyc. Sir, what could your injurious kindneſs move,
Thus to diſturb the quiet of my life?
In vain, great Princes, is your am'rous ſtrife.
Polyn. If I were ſingular, you might think me rude:
But I can many dang'rous Rivals find.
A violent Paſſion makes me thus intrude.
Be but to me as you're to others, kind;
Let not my death alone be here deſign'd.
Too fatal was the firſt ſurpriſe
I ſuffer'd by your conqu'ring Eyes:
Your pow'rful Charms no Mortal can reſiſt,
I in an inſtant lov'd, and never can deſiſt.
Nican. Such violent and ſudden love
Perhaps muſt ſoon remove:
'Tis frail as an abortive Birth,
And as it ſoon approach'd, it ſoon may fly
As when too early flowers come forth,
From the firſt moment of their birth they dye.
Mine by degrees did to perfection grow,
And is too ſtrong to be reſiſted now.
Polyn. That which I have for that illuſtrious face,
Is Sympathy, not lazy Love,
The Steel the Loadſtone does as ſoon embrace,
And of it ſelf will ne'r remove.
Nican. The Steel you ſpeak of may be ſnatch'd from thence
With very little violence.
Polyn. Who ſhall commit that violence on me?
Nican. He who before has conquer'd thee:
Thou didſt my Empire, doſt my Love invade:
My Love ſhall be my only aid.
And I again thy Conqueror can be.
Polyn. I was by Fortune then betray'd,
But now by Love am much more pow'rful made.
Oh that the way for *Pſyche* to be won,
Were for me to poſſeſs thy Throne,
I wou'd believ't already done!
And when with eaſe I'ad triumph'd o'r thee,
Thou on thy Knees ſhould'ſt beg her Love for me.
Nican. Did not her Sacred Preſence guard thy life,
This fatal place ſhould ſoon decide our ſtrife:
I on thy conquer'd Neck would tread,
And make thee forfeit ſoon thy uſeleſs head.
I'd put an end now to your Love and you:
And when, perhaps, I'd nothing elſe to do,
I might vouchſafe to take your petty Kingdom too.

Polyn. Should my death ſoon enſue,
Which never can be caus'd by you,
It might to you ſome bold preſumptions give,
You dare not think ſuch thoughts while yet I live.
For what thou haſt already ſaid,
Shouldſt thou eſcape me with thy head,
Yet I will ſoon depopulate thy Land,
And leave thee none but Beaſts for thy command;
Or may be, If thou fall'ſt into my hand,
I openly will thee in triumph lead:
Thy Cities into Deſarts I will turn,
And thou in Chains ſhalt tamely ſee 'em burn.

Nican. Gods ——

Pſyc. Princes, let your untimely diſcord ceaſe;
If my eſteem you'd gain, conclude a Peace.
Each to the other muſt become a Friend:
Though Rivals, yet you muſt agree;
You but for ſomething in the Clouds contend,
If thus you think to conquer me.

Polyn. So abſolute is your command,
That I my Rival will embrace;
Your will no Lover can withſtand.
I can do any thing but give my Rival place.

Nican. Your Voice may ſtill the fury of the Winds,
Or calm the moſt diſtemper'd minds:
Wild Beaſts at your command in peace would be,
When you make Rivals thus agree. [*They embrace.*

Pſyc. I ne'er can value Birth or State,
'Tis virtne muſt my heart obtain:
You may each other emulate
In glorious actions; but muſt quit all hate,
Ere either of you my eſteem can gain.
The next command I give, muſt be,
Not to invade my privacy.
Princes, farewel, you muſt not follow me.

Nican. So ſacred are the dread commands you give,
From you my death I humbly wou'd receive.
For I can ſcarce hear this and live.

Polyn. Your breath mens minds to any thing may move,
When you make Rivals one another love. [*Exit* Pſyche.
But ſee! her envious Siſters do appear,
Whoſe anger leſs than love we fear.

As they are going off in haſte,
Enter Cidippe *and* Aglaura.

Cid. Great Princes, whither do you fly ſo faſt?

Aglau. 'Tis to their Idol *Pſyche* by their haſte.

Cid. What Prince-like virtue can you find
In her poor and groveling mind?
Aglau. Heav'n did her Soul for Cottages create,
And for ſome vulgar purpoſe did deſign:
Her mind's too narrow for a Prince's ſtate,
She has no vertues which in Courts may ſhine.
Cidip. Her Beauty like her Mind is vulgar too.
Like the dull off-ſpring of ſome Village-Pair,
She might perhaps ſome Shepherds heart ſubdue,
But ſhould, poor Thing, of Princes looks deſpair.
Aglau. A thouſand times more charms they here might find,
Beauty, that's fit to attract great Princes eyes.
But ſilly Love, forſooth, hath ſtruck them blind;
For could they ſee, they would their Love deſpiſe.
Nican. Farewel —— Such blaſphemies we muſt not hear,
Againſt the Goddeſs we adore.
Poly. So beautiful to us ſhe does appear,
That none ſhall ever charm us more.
[*Exeunt* Nicander *and* Polynices.
Cidip. Blaſted be her Beauty, and her charms accurſt,
That muſt our ruine bring;
I am almoſt with Envy burſt.
To ſee each day ſhe can command a King.
Aglau. And whilſt ſhe lives, we can no Lovers have:
Oh that her Cradle had become her Grave!
Cid. She by each Prince is Idoliz'd,
Whilſt our neglected Beauties may grow old,
And not be ſought by them ſhe has deſpis'd.
Aglau. Oh that I live to hear this ſtory told.
This Theme has made my anger bold.
I on her Beauty will revenge our Cauſe.
We are not ſafe whilſt breath ſhe draws.
Her Example of Revenge I'll make.
Cidip Muſt we be thus neglected for her ſake?
Venus! redreſs the wrongs which ſhe hath done:
She may in time inſnare your Son,
She ſuch an Idol by Mankind is made.
Your pow'r no more will be obey'd,
Your Sacred beauty they'll neglect,
Your Deity will have no more reſpect.
Aglau. No Incenſe more will on your Altars ſmoke,
No Victims more will burn,
Each Prince her Worſhipper will turn.
Let this your great Divinity provoke;
Revenge your ſelf, and take our part.
Puniſh her ſtubborn heart,
And by your utmoſt fury let her ſmart. [*A Symphony of ſoft Muſick.*

Cidip.

Cidip. What Divine Harmony is this we hear!
Such never yet approach'd my Ear!
[Venus *deſcends in her Chariot, drawn with Doves.*

Aglau. See *Venus*'s Chariot hovering in the Air;
The Goddeſs ſure has heard our pray'r.

Venus ſings. *With kindneſs I your pray'rs receive,*
And to your hopes ſucceſs will give.
I have with anger ſeen Mankind adore
Your Siſter's beauty, and her ſcorn deplore,
Which they ſhall do no more.
For their Idolatry I'll ſo reſent,
As ſhall your wiſhes to the full content.
Your Father is with Pſyche *now,*
And to Apollo's *Oracle they'll go,*
Her deſtiny to know.
I by the God of Wit ſhall be obey'd,
For Wit to beauty ſtill is ſubject made.
He'll ſo reſent your cauſe and mine,
That you will not repine,
But will applaud the Oracle's deſign.

Cidip. Great Goddeſs, we our thanks return,
We after this no more ſhall mourn.
Aglau. Your ſacred Pow'r for ever we'll obey,
And to your Altars our whole Worſhip pay.
[Venus *aſcends with ſoft Muſick.*

Enter Theander *with his Followers, and* Pſyche *with two Ladies.*

Thean. Daughters, no more you ſhall contend,
This happy day your ſtrife ſhall end:
The Oracle ſhall eaſe you of your care;
We to the Temple will repair,
And *Pſyche* will obey,
Whate'er the *Delphick* God ſhall ſay.
And ——
Whate'er *Apollo* ſhall command, ſhall be,
I ſwear by all the Gods, perform'd by me.
Pſyc. And on my Knees I make this ſolemn vow,
To his Decree I will devoutly bow.
Let his commands be what they will,
I chearfully will them fulfill.
Thean. Let's to *Apollo*'s Temple then repair,
And ſeek the God with Sacrifice and Pray'r. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT II.

The Scene is the Temple of Apollo Delphicus, *with Columns of the* Dorick *Order, inrich'd with Gold, in the middle a ſtately Cupulo, on the top of it the Figure of the* Sun; *ſome diſtance before it an Altar lin'd with Braſs; under it a large Image of* Apollo, *before which ſtands the Tripod.*

Enter in a Solemn Proceſſion, the Chief Prieſt Crown'd with Lawrel in a white Veſtment, over that a Purple Gown, over that a Cope embroidered with Gold, over all a Lambs-skin Hood with the Wooll on: He has four Boys attending, two before, two behind, clad in Surplices, and girt with Girdles of Gold; the firſt carrying a golden Cenſor with Myrrhe, Frankincenſe, and ſweet Gums, &c. *The ſecond a Barley Cake, or Barley Meal, with Salt, upon a golden Service. The third a golden Cruiſe, full of Honey and Water. The fourth a large gilt Book emboſs'd with Gold. After them ſix Prieſts, with Books of Hymns, clad in Surplices and embroider'd Copes. Then Men with Wind-Inſtruments, clad in Surplices, all crown'd with Wreaths of Lawrel. After them* Nicander, Cidippe, Polynices, Aglaura, Theander, Pſyche. *Then a Train of Ladies. All the Women with their faces cover'd with white Veils. After all* Theander's *Attendants and Guards in their Proceſſion. This following Hymen is ſung in* Chorus.

Chor. *LEt's to* Apollo's *Altar now repair,*
And offer up our Vows and Pray'r;
Let us enquire fair Pſyche's *deſtiny.*
Repeat. *The Gods to her will ſure propitious be,*
If Innocence and Beauty may go free.

Ch. Pr. *Go on, and to the Altar lead.*

Chief Prieſt turns to the People, and ſings on.

This hallow'd ground let no one tread,
Who is defil'd with Whoredom, or with Bloud,
Leſt all our Pray'rs ſhould be for them withſtood.
Let none be preſent at our Sacrifice,
But of an humble uncorrupted mind.
The God for wicked men will all our Vows deſpiſe,
And will to all our wiſhes be unkind.

[By this time they come near the Altar, they all bow, and divide, and ſtand on each ſide of the Altar, and the Chief Prieſt before. The Chief Prieſt kneels and kiſſes the Altar. The Prieſt and Boys kneel with him; they riſe, and he, holding the Altar in his hands, ſings alone as follows.

Ch. Pr. *Son of* Latona *and great* Jove,
In Delos *born, which thou ſo much doſt love:*

Great

Great God of Phyſick and of Archery,
Of Wiſdom, Wit and Harmony;
God of all Divinations too,
Chor. of Voices and Inſtrum. } *To thee our Vows and Pray'rs are due.*
To thee our, &c.

[Chief Prieſt kneels, kiſſes the Altar, then riſes and ſings.

Ch. Pr. *Thou gav'ſt the cruel Serpent* Python *death,*
Depriv'dſt the Giant Tyrion *of his breath:*
Thou didſt the monſtrous Cyclops *too deſtroy,*
Who form'd the Thunder, which did kill thy Son.
Chor. *Thou light of all our life, and all our joy,*
Our Offerings with our hearts are all thine own.

[Chief Prieſt kneels, and kiſſes the Altar again.

Ch. Pr. *By ſacred* Hyacinth, *thy much lov'd Flower,*
By Daphne's *memory we thee implore,*
Thou wou'dſt be preſent at our Sacrifice,
And not our humble Offerings deſpiſe.
Chorus of Voices and Inſtrum. } *And we for ever will thy praiſe advance,*
Thou Author of all Light and Heat.
Let Pipes and Timbrels ſound, and let them dance.
Each day our worſhip we'll repeat.
Each day, &c.

[A Dance of Prieſts entring from each ſide of the Stage, with Cymbals, Bells, and Flambeaux.

After the Dance, they all kneel, and the Chief Prieſt begins with a loud Voice; All anſwer as follows.

Ch. Pr. Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, Saturn, Cibele.
Reſponſ. Be propitious to our Vows and Prayers.
Ch. Pr. Mars, Bellona, Venus, Cupido, Vulcanus.
Reſp. Be propitious, *&c.*
Ch. Pr. Bacchus, Pan, Neptunus, Sylvanus, Faunus, Vertumnus, Palæmon.
Reſp. Be propitious, *&c.*
Ch. Pr. All ye Gods, Goddeſſes, and all the Powers.
Reſp. Be propitious, *&c.*

They riſe: The Chief Prieſt turns to the left hand, and runs, or dances about the Altar, Prieſts and Boys following him, all the Inſtruments ſounding. They ſing as follows:

Chor. *To* Apollo *our Celeſtial King,*
We will Io Pæan *ſing;*
Io Pæan, Io Pæan,
Io Pæan *will we ſing:*

{ The Dancers mingle with the Singers.

The

The Chief Prieſt kneels at the Altar. The Boys ſtands about him. The Prieſt takes the Libamina *from the Boys, after a little pauſe. One Prieſt riſes and waves a Wand. Then all fall on their knees.*

1 *Pr.* Favete linguis, favete linguis, favete linguis.
2 *Pr.* *(riſes, waves a wand)* Hoc agite, hoc agite, hoc agite.
Ch. Pr. riſes, and turns to the people.
Ch. Pr. (with a loud Voice) ΤΊΣ ΤΗ̃ ΔΕ.
Reſponſe of all. ΠΟΛΛΟ͂Ι Κ'ΑΓΑΘΟΙ.

Chief Prieſt turns and kneels at the Altar again. The Boys run out and fetch, one a Flambeaux, the other little Fagots of Cedar, Juniper, *&c. The* Prieſt *riſes and lays them on the Altar. All but the Chief Prieſt and Boys are kneeling, intent upon the Altar without ſpeech or motion. As ſoon as the fire is kindled, which the* Prieſt *does himſelf with the Flambeau.*

Ch. Pr. (with a loud Voice) Behold the Fire.

All but the Chief Prieſt *fall flat on their faces, then riſe again. The Boys reach the* Libamina *to the Chief Prieſt:* 1. *The Cenſor, with Gums, which he offers.* 2. *The Barley Cake, which he ſtrews with ſalt, then lays it on the Fire. Then ſprinkles the Honey and Water on the Fire. Chief Prieſt waves his Wand to* Theander *and* Pſyche, *who draw near, and kneel juſt behind.*

Ch. Pr. Now ask the God the thing for which you came,
And after that we'll ſacrifice a Ram.
Thean. That we may know, we humbly pray,
Who ſhall P*ſyche*'s Husband be.
She will moſt cheerfully obey
Her Deſtiny, and your Decree.

As the Prieſteſs Pythia *is mounting the Tripod, it Thunders and Lightens extreamly.* Apollo's *Image trembles, at which they all riſe affrighted.*

Ch. Pr. O Heaven! what prodigy is this?
Something is in our holy Rites amiſs.

It Thunders and Lightens again, the Image trembling, and in Convulsions, with a very loud and hollow Voice, utters these following Lines.

Apollo. YOU must conduct her to that fatal place,
Where miserable Lovers, that despair,
With howls and Lamentations fill the air;
A Husband there your Daughter shall embrace.
On *Venus* Rock upon the Sea,
She must by you deserted be:
A poys'nous Serpent there She'll find,
By Heav'n he *Psyche*'s Husband is design'd.
[*At this they all start, affrighted.*

Thean. Gods! that I e'er should live to see this day.
'Tis for some great offence
Of mine, that thou art to be snatch'd from hence.
Oh take my life, and let her stay.
But 'tis in vain to ask, we must obey:
For which I'll weep my hated life away.
Cidip. *Venus* has kept her word, and she shall be
Much more ador'd by me,
Than any other Deity.
Aglau. Now my fair Sister must a Serpent have,
'Stead of a Nuptial Bed, a Grave.
Now she shall suffer for her Pride;
Our Love and Hate will now be satisfi'd.
Psyc. To whatsoe'er the Oracle thinks fit,
I cheerfully submit:
I have not liv'd so ill, but I
With ease can die:
I with a willing heart
Can with my Life as with a trifle part:
As no joy yet could ever fill my mind,
I from no danger can distraction find.
Thean. Lead on; and with a Funeral pace,
For I in that unhappy place
Must bury all my joy, and leave my Life behind.
Nican. Stay but a moment, stay;
You will not sure this Oracle obey.
Consider and be wise:
If it be good *Psyche* to Sacrifice,
You were oblig'd to't without this command,
And we the action should not then withstand.
Polyn. If bad, then Heav'n it self can't make it good;
All good and ill's already understood.
Heav'n has forbid the shedding guiltless blood.

If good and ill anew it has design'd,
The Gods are mutable, and change their mind.
Nican. Be not by this Impoſture, Sir, betray'd,
By this dull Idol which the Prieſts have made:
Too many Cheats are in the Temple found,
Their fraud does more than piety abound:
They make the ſenſleſs Image ſpeak with eaſe
What e'er themſelves ſhall pleaſe.
Ch. Pr. Do not the ſacred Image thus profane,
Which will revenge it ſelf, and all its Rites maintain.
Polyn. If that be ſacred, and you that adore,
Then him that made it you ſhould worſhip more:
To th' poor Mechanick you give no reſpect,
Y' adore his Workmanſhip, but him neglect.
Nican. For Sacred you impoſe what you decree,
And the deluded Multitude believe,
By boaſting of Infallibility,
Th' unthinking Rabble you with eaſe deceive.
Pol. Whatever in Divinity you know,
In all concernments of Mankind below:
In all the objects of the Mind,
And in all humane Science we can find,
In Prieſts more Errours than in all Mankind.
Nican. In Sacred Things yet you ſo much excel
All others, in your Sleeps you can foretel;
When after Surfeits in your holy Feaſts
You ſleep in Skins of ſacrificed Beaſts,
The troubled Dreams you from thoſe fumes receive,
To the unheedful World for Oracles you give.
Thean. In holy Myſteries you muſt lay by
Your intricate Philoſophy.
After the dreadful Cloud with Thunder broke,
It was ſome loud immortal Voice that ſpoke.
Ch. Pr. The holy Rites you ſaw perform'd,
By Miracles were now confirm'd.
Nican. Miracles!
Your holy Cheats t' advance your Myſtery:
The nobleſt Science is Divinity.
But when become a Trade, I ſee, 'twill be
Like other Trades, maintain'd by Knavery.
Ch. Pr. By Miracles the pow'r of Heav'n is known.
Polyn. Heav'ns power is more by ſetl'd order ſhown.
The beauty of that order which is found,
To govern the Creation in a round,
The fix'd uninterrupted Chain, whereby
All things on one another muſt depend;
This method proves a wiſe Divinity,

As

As much as ſhould the Gods on earth deſcend.
Ch. Pr. You ſpeak from Nature, which is ignorance;
But we to inſpiration muſt advance.
Nican. If, Prieſt, by Means not nat'ral Heav'n declares
Its will, and our obedience ſo prepares;
The Gods by this their weakneſs wou'd confeſs,
What you call Miracles wou'd make them leſs.
If ſomething without Nature they produce,
Nature is then defective to their uſe:
And when by that they cannot work their end,
My Miracle their Inſtrument they mend.
Polyn. If this be granted, Prieſt, by this we find,
The Gods foreſee not, or elſe change their mind.
But Heav'n does nothing to our ſenſe produce,
But it does outward Nat'ral Cauſes uſe.
Fools truſt in Miracles, and Fools ne'er doubt:
'Tis ignorance of Cauſes, Prieſt, makes Fools devout. [*Thunders again.*
Ch. Pr. Be gone, profane and wicked men,
You have provok'd Heav'ns wrath again.
Heav'n does again to you in Thunder ſpeak!
Nican. 'Twas nothing but a petty cloud did break;
What, can your Prieſthoods grave Philoſophy
So much amaz'd at common Thunder be?
Pſyc. We ſhould obey without theſe Prodigies;
I to Heav'ns Will my own will Sacrifice.
Cidip. Muſt I then with my much lov'd Siſter part?
Aglau. The diſmal loſs will break my tender heart.
Thean. Joy of my Life, let's to the fatal place,
Where thine and all my ſorrow is deſign'd:
When thee the pois'onous Serpent ſhall embrace,
Aſſure thy ſelf I'll not ſtay long behind.
Polyn. Thus the great *Agamemnon* was betray'd,
And *Iphigenia* thus a Victim made:
Such horrid ills Religion can perſwade. [*Exeunt omnes.*

The Scene changes to a Rocky Deſart full of dreadful Caves, Cliffs, and Precipices, with a high Rock looking down into the Sea.

Enter two deſpairing Lovers.

1 *Lov.* Ah what a dreadful Rocky Deſart's this,
The Melancholy Region of deſpair:
Where e'er I turn me, poiſonous Serpents hiſs,
And with their venomous breaths infect the Air.
2 *Lov.* Here peſtilential vapours do abound,
And killing Damps the Vaults and Caverns breath;

From dreadful gapings of the craggy ground,
The fatal Desart seems to yawn forth death.
1 *Lov.* A gloomy darkness hovers o'er this place;
Here sure the Sun ne'er shews his joyful face.
Nature this place for horrour did design:
No beam of comfort here can shine.
2 *Lov.* Nothing but howls of sad despair,
And dismal groans of Wretches fill the Air.
Who in Agonies their hated lives resign.
1 *Lov.* How many various ways to death we have:
Some from that Rock have plung'd into the Deep;
And in the Sea we saw 'em find a Grave.
2 *Lov.* Some by their Ponyards meet deaths easie sleep:
Some desp'rate Lovers find out death;
By wilful stopping their own breath.
1 *Lov.* Nature this place did for my grief intend.
2 *Lov.* And here my fatal life and love shall end.
1 *Lov.* *Psyche* is hither by *Apollo* sent,
Here to fulfil the Oracles intent.

Two despairing Men, and two despairing Women sing as follows.

1 Man. *Break, break distracted heart, there is no cure*
For Love, my minds too raging Calenture.
1 Wom. *Sighs which in other passions vent,*
And give them ease when they lament,
Are but the bellows to my hot desire.
2 Wom. *And tears in me not quench, but nourish fire.*
2 Man. *Nothing can mollifie my grief,*
Or give my passion a relief.
1 Man. *Love is not like our earthly fire;*
You soon may smother out that flame;
Concealing does increase desire,
No opposition Love can tame.
2 Wom. *Despair in Love transcends all pain,*
Lost hope will ne'er return again.
1 Wom. *In Hell there's no such misery,*
As now oppresses me.
I this one pang alone
Wou'd change for Sisyphus *his Stone.*
2 Man. *I would the torments which I feel*
Change for Ixion's *Wheel.*
2 Wom. *The Vulture should on me for ever feed,*
Rather than thus my heart for Love should bleed.
1 Man. *Oh* Tantalus! *for thy eternal Thirst;*
I'm more on Earth than thou in Hell accurst.

1 Wom.

1 Wom. *Was ever grief like mine?*
2 Wom. *Like mine?*
1 Man. *Like mine?*
2 Man. *Like mine?*
Chorus. *Was ever grief like mine?*
Was ever, &c.
2 Wom. *Nothing but death can cure our misery.*
1 Wom. *I'll die.*
1 Man. *I'll die.*
2 Man. *I'll die.*
Chorus. *Nothing but death can cure our misery.*
Nothing but, &c.

1 *Man ſpeaks.* How long ſhall I for this dull Serpent ſtay,
Ere I become his prey?
Come forth from out thy pois'nous Den:
Doſt thou deſpiſe the fleſh of men?
2 *Man.* The lazy Serpent breakfaſted to day;
I will not for his waking ſtomach ſtay:
I'll b' Author of my fate, and make my ſelf away. [*Falls on his ſword.*
1 *Wom.* Your Sex no more in courage ſhall excel,
For I can die as well.
I in this Dagger my Relief will find,
And kill my Body thus to eaſe my Mind. [*Kills her ſelf.*
1 *Man.* I to the top of all the Rock will climb;
And if in little time
The Serpent there I cannot ſee,
I'll find away to follow thee.
2 *Wom.* My heart that office will perform for me.
A death-like pang I feel,
I have no need of ſteel.
A faint cold ſweat beſmears my face,
I can make haſt and die apace.
And theſe are the laſt words I e'er ſhall ſpeak,
Farewel my cruel Love, for thee my heart does break. [*She dies.*
Then he on the top of the Rock falls headlong into the Sea.

Enter Theander, Pſyche, Cidippe, Aglaura, Pſyche's *two Women, and other Attendants, in Funeral habits, weeping; then the Guards.*

Pſyc. Oh ſtop thoſe Royal Fountains, tears are things
Which ill become the Majeſty of Kings.
Thean. But they become a Father, who muſt loſe
The only comfort of his fading Life;
Who barbarouſly muſt his Child expoſe,
By Heavens command, to be a Serpents Wife.

Pſyc. That dread command I'm ready to obey,
I beg you will no longer ſtay.
Deaths cold embraces I will court;
I can my fate, but not your tears ſupport.
Thean. Ye Gods, why did ye ever bleſs
Me with this gift, to ſnatch it back again?
My burden's greater than I can ſuſtain!
Pſyc. I never could deſerve ſuch tenderneſs;
Nay, good Sir, dry your Eyes, my heart will break;
To bear your grief, I am too weak.
Thean. Oh that I'd never ſeen thy much-lov'd face,
And that thou'dſt periſh'd in the Womb:
I had not led thee to this fatal place,
Thy Father had not brought thee living to thy Tomb.
Pſyc. Your ſad complaints ſo ſoften me,
My heart will melt to that degree,
That I ſhall have none left when death I ſee.
Thean. Heav'ns! what could thus your cruelty provoke?
Your Altars, by my bounty, daily ſmoke.
With Fat, with Incenſe, and with Gums:
Nor have you wanted *Hecatombs*.
And muſt I thus rewarded be?
Cidip. See how the Dotard weeps, while we
Rejoice at this her Deſtiny.
Oh how it wou'd my Envy feed,
Could my glad Eyes behold her bleed!
Aglau. O good dear Serpent, make her ſure,
Her death, our grief can only cure.
Oh that ſhe were at my command,
And that her heart were throbbing in my hand.
Some Miracle may elſe relieve
Her from this death, and we afreſh may grieve.
Pſyc. Good Sir, be gone, the will of Heav'n obey.
Beſides, if you ſhould longer ſtay,
Before the Serpent comes, my Life will ſteal away.
Weigh not your loſs, but what you have remain;
You have the comfort of my Siſters left,
Who will your drooping Age ſuſtain,
When y'are of me bereft.
Siſters, be good, and to my Father give
All comfort, and his grief relieve;
He, from you Two, much pleaſure may receive.
Cid. Our grief as much as his relief will need.
Oh that I might with *Pſyche* bleed:
Did not the Gods ſelf-murder hate,
I wou'd accompany your Fate.

Aglau. Oh that the Gods would ſuffer me
To be exchang'd for thee!
Pſyc. Siſters, farewel, pray dry your Eyes; [*Kiſſes her Siſters.*
I am for you a Sacrifice.
You may your choice of many Princes have,
When I am cold, forgotten in my Grave.
Thean. Gods! can I yet hear this and live?
Oh take my Life, or me my *Phyſche* give.
Pſyc. Sir, if you longer ſtay,
You'll cauſe my Death, not they.
I on my Knees beſeech you quit
This fatal place, and to Heaven's will ſubmit.
Farewel: 'tis time,
I now the Rock my fatal Tomb muſt climb.
Farewel for ever——
Thean. Say not ſo,
For I to death will go,
My Soul to Morrow ſhall meet thine below. [*Exeunt all but* Pſyche.
Pſyche ſola. Even now grim death I ſlightly did eſteem;
With the wrong end o' th' Glaſs I look'd on him;
Then afar off and little he did ſeem:
Now my Perſpective draws him near,
He very big and ugly does appear.
Away —— it is the baſe falſe Glaſs of fear.

Enter Nicander *and* Polynices.

Why do you come to ſee me wretched here?
What can you hope from her whoſe death's ſo near?
Polyn. To ſave your Life, our Lives we will expoſe.
Pſyc. Can mortal Men the heav'nly pow'rs oppoſe?
Nican. What Heav'n commands is ſurely good.
Heav'n has declar'd 'gainſt ſhedding humane bloud.
Boars, Rams and Bulls will ſerve *Apollo*'s turn,
Whilſt Gums and Incenſe on his Altars burn.
'Tis to the Prieſts that you are ſacrific'd.
Pſyc. I muſt not hear the Oracle deſpis'd.
Nican. In vain, 'gainſt prejudice we ſtill diſpute:
Our Swords ſhall this great Oracle confute.
No Serpent whilſt we live ſhall you embrace,
Nor any other Rival in this place.
Pſyc. He carries deadly venom in his breath,
Which certainly will give you death.
Polyn. Cadmus, without Love's aid, the Dragon ſlew;
Inſpir'd by Love, what cannot Princes do?
Pſyc. Why for my preſervation ſhou'd you ſtrive?
For neither my affection e'er cou'd move.

Though

Though Heav'n for that wou'd ſuffer me to live:
No Prince on Earth cou'd ever make me love.
Nican. 'Tis time we both of us ſhou'd die,
Since we from you no pity can deſerve.
Yet ——
Had we no love for generoſity,
Spight of your ſelf we wou'd your Life preſerve.
Polyn. You have made Rivals thus agree,
Though cou'd you love, but one cou'd happy be.
Each will aſſiſt the other, and you'll ſee,
In ſpight of Oracles we'll ſet you free.
Pſyc. Farewel: I muſt not hear this blaſphemy.
Nican. We cannot leave you till you dye,
No Oracle ſhall that deny.

[*The Earth opens, infernal Spirits riſe and hurry the Princes away. Two Zephiri deſcend and take* Pſyche *by each arm, and fly into the Clouds with her.*

Cupid *deſcends a little way, hanging in the Air.*

Cup. Be gone, you Rivals of an angry Deity:
Shall I by inſolent Princes rivall'd be?
Shall Mortals for my *Pſyche* ſtrive with me?
Vulcan make haſt, prepare
My coſtly Palace for my fair;
I in that ſplendid place,
My Love, my Dear, my *Pſyche* will embrace. [*He flies away.*

Enter Nicander *and* Polynices.

Nican. By what Enchantment were we hurri'd hence?
Pſyche is gone. Let's uſe all diligence
Soon to prevent her fate,
Or we ſhall come too late.
Polyn. We will our much-lov'd *Pſyche* find.
Or we will leave our hated lives behind. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III.

The Scene is the Palace of Cupid, *Compos'd of wreath'd Columns of the* Corinthian *Order; the Wreathing is adorn'd with Roses, and the Columns have several little* Cupids *flying about 'em, and a single* Cupid *standing upon every Capital. At a good distance are seen three Arches, which divide the first Court from the other part of the Building: The middle Arch is noble and high, beautified with* Cupids *and* Festoons, *and supported with Columns of the foresaid Order. Through these Arches is seen another Court, that leads to the main Building, which is at a mighty distance. All the* Cupids, *Capitals and Inrichments of the whole Palace are of Gold. Here the* Cyclops *are at work at a Forge, forging great Vases of Silver. The Musick strikes up, they dance, hammering the Vases upon Anvils.*

After the Dance, Enter *Vulcan.*

Vulcan *sings.* *YE bold Sons of Earth, that attend upon Fire,*
Make haste with the Palace, lest Cupid *should stay;*
You must not be lazy when Love does require,
For Love is impatient, and brooks no delay.
When Cupid *you serve, you must toil and must sweat,*
Redouble your blows, and your labour repeat.

The vigorous young God's not with lazines serv'd,
He makes all his Vassals their diligence know,
And nothing from him but with pains is deserv'd;
The brisk Youth that falls on, and still follows his blow,
Is his favourite still. The considerate Fool,
He as useless lays by for a pitiful Tool.

1 Cycl. *This Palace is finish'd, and the other shall be*
Made fit for his small Deity.
2 Cycl. *But fire makes us cholerick, and apt to repine,*
Unless you will give us some Wine.

Chor. *With swinging great Bowls,*
Let's refresh our dry Souls,
And then we'll to work with a Clink, clink, clink;
But first let us drink, but first let us drink.

Vulcan. *Let each take his Bowl then, and hold it to his nose,*
Then let him redouble his blows.
Cycl. *Nay, stint us not so, but let each take his two,*
And twice as much as we can do.

Chor.

Chor. *With ſwinging great Bowls,*
Let's refreſh, &c.

Vulc. *Ye Slaves, will you never from drunkenneſs refrain?*
Remember Ulyſſes *again.*
Cycl. Ulyſſes *is a Dog, were he here he ſhou'd find,*
We'd ſcorn him, and drink our ſelves blind.

Chor. *With ſwinging great Bowls,*
Let's refreſh, &c.
[They take their Kans in their hands.

Pyra. *Here,* Harpes, *to you.* Harp. *Here,* Brontes, *to you,*
And ſo take each Cyclops *his due.*
Bron. *To thee,* Steropes. Ster. Pyracmon, *to thee.*
Omn. *And thus in our Cups we'll agree.*

Chor. *With ſwinging great Bowls,*
Let's refreſh, &c.

Vulc. *Be gone, or great* Jove *will for Thunder-bolts ſtay,*
The World grows ſo wicked each day.
Cycl. *He has leſs need of Thunder than we have of Wine:*
We'd drink, though great Jove *ſhould repine.*

Chor. *With ſwinging great Bowls,*
Let's refreſh, &c. [The *Cyclops* dance again.

Enter Cupid *and* Zephyrus, *at which they all run away.*

Cup. You are my beſt of Servants, y'have done well.
Say, *Zephyrus,* how do you like my Love?
Zeph. Her Beauty does all mortal forms excel,
She ſhould be ſnatch'd from Earth to reign above.
But why do you a humane ſhape now wear?
Why will you not your ſelf a God appear?
Cup. At firſt, inviſible I'll be.
Then like a Prince I will be ſeen;
Me like a God when ſhe ſhall ſee,
I'll make her my Immortal Queen.
When Love thus ſlily his approaches makes,
He takes faſt hold, and long will ſtay;
But if by ſtorm he once poſſeſſion takes,
His Empire in the heart will ſoon decay.
Here comes my Love, away,
And to her honour dedicate this day. [*Exeunt* Cupid *and* Zephyrus.

Enter

Enter Pſyche.

Pſyc. To what enchanted Palace am I brought,
Adorn'd beyond all humane thought?
Here Art and Natures utmoſt powers conſpire,
To make the Ornament entire.
Where e'er I turn me, here my dazl'd eye
Does nought but Gold, or precious Gems deſcry:
This ſure is ſome divine abode,
The ſplendid Palace of ſome God:
And not a Den where Humane bloud is ſpilt.
This ſure was never for a Serpent built.
I am at this no leſs amaz'd,
Than at my ſudden paſſage to the place.
With wonder round about I've gaz'd,
And, which is ſtrange, I've ſeen no humane face.
'Tis ſure ſome Aery Viſion which I ſee,
And I to this imaginary height
Was rais'd by Heav'n in Cruelty,
That I might ſuffer a ſeverer Fate.
I on a Precipice of hope was plac'd,
That ſo my fall might greater be,
And down with violence I ſhall be caſt
To th' bottom of deſpair, th' Abyſs of miſery.
Where is the Serpent? when will he appear?

Cup. The Serpent which you muſt embrace is near.

Pſyc. What Divine Harmony invades my Ear?
This is a Voice I cou'd for ever hear.
O ſpeak again, and ſtrike my raviſh'd ſenſe
With thy harmonious excellence!
What Pow'r Divine provokes within my bloud,
I know not what, that cannot be withſtood?

Cup. Whatever can be pleaſant but in thought, [within.
Shall for my Love be ſought:
This ſhall her Palace, here her Empire be;
She ſhall have Sovereign command o'er that and me.

Pſyc. No object of my ſenſe could e'er
Tranſport me till this hour;
I feel a Paſſion mix'd with Joy and Fear,
That's caus'd by this unknown inviſible Power.
Who are you that does charm me ſo?
Such pain and pleaſure I ne'er felt before;
You are by this ſome God, I know,
And I muſt you adore —— [*ſhe kneels.*

Enter Cupid, *and takes her up.*

Oh Heaven! what glorious thing is this I ſee?
What unknown Deity?
His ſhape is humane, but his face divine;
He calls me Love: but ah! would he were mine.

Cup. I am the Serpent Heav'n for you deſign'd,
Which ſhou'd on you his poiſon breathe.

Pſyc. This poiſon ne'er can cauſe my death,
For ſuch a Serpent I wou'd quit Mankind.
Yours is the pleaſant'ſt Poiſon e'er was felt;
My eyes drop ſhowers of joy, my heart will melt.
My mind was never full before,
But now my ſwelling Joys run o'er;
My heart does pant like a ſeal'd Doves:
What is it thus my paſſion moves?

Cup. How does my charming fair, my Dove?
Let me approach, my Dear, my Love:
Let me but touch thy ſnowy hand,
And thou ſhalt all my heart command.

Pſyc. There's no requeſt of yours I can withſtand.
Oh I am ſtung! what's this I feel?
It is no pointed Steel:
'Tis ſuch a pretty tingling ſmart,
Now it invades my heart.
Oh it encreaſes on me ſtill,
And now my blood begins to chill.
But, Oh the pleaſure! Oh the pain!
And, Oh! might both a thouſand years remain!

Cup. Courage, my Dove, I have thee here, [*Embraces her.*
Thou need'ſt no Serpent fear;
For I am all the Serpents thou ſhalt ſee,
And Love is all the poyſon I'll enfuſe in thee.

Pſyc. What can it be my Senſes thus alarms?
What have you done t' your hand that thus it charms?
But, Oh your pow'rful Eyes bewitch me more.
I never ſaw or felt ſuch Eyes before.
Nor know I now what 'tis I feel or ſee. [*He turns his head aſide.*
Turn not away thoſe Eyes that poyſon me.
Thoſe ſweet, thoſe piercing am'rous Eyes,
That can ſo eaſily a heart ſurprize.
Oh, may my breaſt this poyſon ne'er forſake!
I'm ſure no Antidote I'll take.
Why do you ſigh? are you tranſported too?

Cup. As you by me, ſo I am charm'd by you.
Oh let my wandring heart find reſt
Within thy ſoft and ſnowy breaſt.

Thou

Thou muſt to me thy heart reſign,
And in exchange I'll give thee mine.
And when my heart within thy breaſt does ſit,
Thou muſt be kind, and nurſe, and cheriſh it.
Pſyc. Oh! how mine flutters; yet I hold it faſt,
It beats till it it ſelf will tire;
'Twill loſe it ſelf with violent deſire:
Do what I can, it will be gone at laſt.
Oh give me thine, for mine will fly away;
Ah give it me! for if you longer ſtay,
Mine will be gone, and I ſhall die.
Pray let your heart the want of mine ſupply.
Cup. Thou through thy Lips, my Love, muſt mine receive,
And the ſame way thine to my breaſt convey;
And when to me that pretty thing thou'lt give,
I'll uſe't ſo kindly, 'tſhall not fly away.
Pſyc. Then take it, for with me it will not ſtay. [*They kiſs.*
What have I done! I am to blame;
I bluſh and feel a ſecret ſhame:
But I feel ſomething which o'ercomes that ſenſe.
I'm charm'd with ſo much excellence!
Some Power Divine thus animates my blood,
And 'twere a ſin, if that ſhould be withſtood.
Your ſacred form ſo much does move,
That I pronounce aloud, I love.
How am I rapt! what is it thus does force
My Inclination from its proper courſe?
I was to love an open Enemy;
But now the more I look on Thee,
The more I love. My firſt ſurprize
Is heighten'd ſtill by thy bewitching Eyes.
Cup. Love's Debt was long deny'd by thee,
But now h'as paid himſelf with uſury.
Pſyc. Should I to one I know not be thus kind,
To one who will, perhaps, unconſtant be;
Pray let me ſo much favour find,
To let me know who 'tis has conquer'd me.
Cup. Do not ſuſpect my conſtancy,
Believe my ſighs, and then truſt me.
Words may be falſe and full of Art,
Sighs are the nat'ral language of the heart.
But, pray beware of curioſity,
Leſt it ſhould ruine Thee and Me.
You muſt not yet know who I am;
I will in time diſcloſe my Name.
I in this Region a vaſt Empire have,
Each Prince y' have ſeen compar'd to me's a Slave.

To me all Grecian Princes Tribute owe,
Which they ſhall pay to you.
A thouſand Beauties ſhall be ſtill at hand,
Waiting for thy command;
And without envy, they ſhall thee adore.
The Pomp which here thou ſhalt enjoy, is more
Than e'er was ſeen in earthly Princes Courts:
And pleaſures here ſhall be
Beyond all mortal Luxury;
Our Recreation ſhall be heav'nly Sports.
And to ſuch ſplendid Joys I thee invite,
As do the Gods on Feſtivals delight.
But firſt thy Palate thou ſhalt ſatisfie,
Thy Ear ſhall then be raviſh'd, then thy Eye;
And all thy other Senſes thou ſhalt feaſt:
Here thou ſhalt entertain, and I will be the Gueſt.

This following Song is ſung by inviſible Singers.

ALL Joy to fair Pſyche *in this happy place,*
And to our great Maſter, who her ſhall embrace:
May never his Love nor her Beauty decay,
But be warm as the Spring, and ſtill freſh as the Day.
Chor. *No Mortals on Earth ever wretched cou'd prove,*
If ſtill while they liv'd, they'd be always in love.

There's none without Love ever happy can be,
Without it each Brute were as happy as we.
The knowledge men boaſt of doth nothing but vex,
And their wandring Reaſon their Minds does perplex.
Chor. *But no Mortals,* &c.

Loves Sighs and his Tears are mix'd with Delights,
But were he ſtill peſter'd with Cares and with Frights,
Shou'd a thouſand more Troubles a Lover invade,
By one happy moment they'd fully be paid.
Chor. *No Mortals,* &c.

Then loſe not a moment, but in Pleaſure employ it;
For a moment once loſt will always be ſo;
Your Youth requires Love, let it fully enjoy it,
And puſh on your Nature as far as 'twill go.
Chor. *No Mortals,* &c.

Psyc. How am I rap't! what pleasures do I find!
My Love, I have but one request to thee;
Two Sisters I have left behind,
I hope my Love will be so kind,
That they the Witnesses may be
Of all my pomp and my felicity.

Enter Zephyrus.

Cup. My *Zephyrus* is still at hand
To wait for thy command.
Be gone! ——

Zeph. I'll fly as quick as thought,
They suddenly shall to this place be brought. [*Exit* Zephyrus.

Cup. My Dear, let them not here much time employ,
For I must thy whole heart enjoy.
From me, my Love, not one poor thought must stray,
For I have given thee all my heart away.
But now prepare thy Ears and Eyes,
For I thy senses will surprise.
Along with me, and thou shalt see
What Miracles in Love there be. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes to the principal Street of the City, with vast numbers of People looking down from the tops of Houses, and out of the Windows and Balconies, which are hung with Tapestry. In this Street is a large Triumphal Arch, with Columns of the Dorick *Order, adorned with the Statues of* Fame *and* Honour, *&c. Beautified with Festoons of Flowers; all the Inrichments of Gold. Through this Arch, at a vast distance, in the middle of a Piazza, is seen a stately Obelisk.*

Enter two Men.

1 *Man.* What shouts are those that echo from the Plain?
2 *Man.* The Stranger-Princes have the Monster slain:
The People the victorious Champions meet,
And them with Shouts and Acclamations greet.
1 *Man.* Our freedom these brave Conqu'rors have restor'd,
The bloud of Men no more shall be devour'd;
No more young Ladies shall be snatch'd away
To be the cruel Serpents prey.
2 *Man.* For this the large Triumphal Arch was built,
For this the Joyful People meet in throngs,
The Princes Triumph for the bloud they spilt,
And celebrate the Conquest with loud Songs.
They in this place a Sacrifice prepare,
To pay their vows and thanks to th' God of War.

[*A Consort of loud Martial Musick.*

Enter

Enter the Priests of *Mars*, one carrying the Serpents Head upon the Spear, all of them having Targets, Breast-plates, and Helmets of Brass. Then the *Præsul*, having a Trophy of Arms carry'd before him. Then *Nicander*, *Polynices*, *Cidippe*, *Aglaura*, Train and Guards. The Priests sing this following Song, and dance to't.

LET us loudly rejoice,
With glad heart and with voice;
For the Monster is dead,
And here is his head.
No more shall our Wives
Be afraid of their Lives,
Nor our Daughters by Serpents miscarry.
The Oracle then
Shall bestow them on Men,
And they not with Monsters shall marry.
Let us loudly rejoyce
With glad heart and with voice;
For the Monster is dead,
And here is his head.

Præsul sings. *Great God of War to thee*
We offer up our thanks and pray'r
For by thy mighty Deity
Triumphing Conquerours we are.
Chor. *Thou'rt great among this heavenly race,*
And only to the Thunderer giv'st place.

Præsul. Jove *is thy father, but does not exceed*
Thy Deity on any score.
Thou, when thou wilt, canst make the whole world bleed,
And thou canst heal their breaches by thy power.
Chor. *'Tis thou that must to Armies give success,*
Thou that must Kingdoms too with safety bless,
Thou that must bring, and then must guard their peace.

They dance, striking their Swords upon the Targets, showing the postures of their Swords, Kettle-Drums beating, and Trumpets sounding: Whilst the *Præsul* and the rest prepare the Altar, and kindle the Fire. After the Dance ——

Præs. sings. *While we to Mars his praises sing,*
A Horse, th' appointed Victim, bring.
[*Mars* and *Venus* meet in the Air in their Chariots, his drawn by Horses, and hers by Doves.

Venus

Venus sings. *Great God of War, if thou doſt not deſpiſe*
The power of my victorious eyes,
Reject this Sacrifice.
My Deity they diſreſpect,
My Altars they neglect,
And Pſyche *only they adore,*
Whom they ſhall ſee no more.
Have I yet left ſuch influence on your heart,
As to enjoin you wou'd take my part.
By ſome known token puniſh their offence,
And let them know their inſolence.

Mars. *So much your influence on me remains,*
That ſtill I glory in my chains,
What ever you command, ſhall be
A ſov'reign Law to me.
Theſe ſaucy Mortals ſoon ſhall ſee
What 'tis to diſreſpect your Deity.
To ſhow how much for you I them deſpiſe,
Since they with Venus *dare contend,*
Ye powers of Hell your Furies ſend,
And interrupt their Sacrifice.

[*Mars* and *Venus* fly away.

Furies deſcend and ſtrike the Altar, and break it, and every one flies away with a fire-brand in's hand.

1 *Pr.* What dreadful prodigies are theſe!
Hence from his bloudy rage let's flie,
And in his Temple let us try
If we his angry Godhead can appeaſe.
Nican. What Magick Charms do this ſad place infeſt,
And us in all our actions thus moleſt?
Polyn. The pow'r of Hell it ſure muſt be
That thus againſt us wages war;
For when fair *Pſyche* we wou'd free,
It ſtill does miſchiefs againſt us prepare.
But no Enchantment yet our courage binds,
No accidents can alter valiant minds.
Nican. In ſpight of Hell we will go on in queſt
Of our lov'd *Pſyche*, who is charm'd from hence.
Aglau. You might from all your fruitleſs toyls have reſt,
If of your preſent fortune ye had a ſenſe.
Cid. Our Father, who is now at point of death,
Does in his Will us two to you bequeath.
Aglau. Envy it ſelf will ſure confeſs,
Our Beauties and our Vertues are not leſs,

Then

Then the mean Idol's you ſo much adore,
And whom ye never can ſee more;
The Monſter you have ſlain did her devour.
Polyn. We by his rav'nous Maw did find to day,
The Monſter had not yet made her his Prey.
Cid. What if he had, we two are left behind,
And by the Gods you are for us deſign'd.
Nican. Heav'n has not yet to me reveal'd that mind,
My Inclinations ſtill are hers I find.
The honour's great we might by you enjoy,
But it would all our vows and all our love deſtroy.
Polyn. To *Pſyche* I have offer'd my whole heart,
Sh' has for no other left me the leaſt part.
Pardon that I the honour muſt refuſe;
No Mortals can their own affections chuſe;
Love, Heav'ns high power does into us infuſe.
Nican. When we loſt *Pſyche*, ſolemnly we ſwore,
The ſearch of her we never wou'd give o'er.
Polyn. Should we not find her, we our lives muſt ſpend,
Which in th' unwearied ſearch of her muſt end.
Aglau. Think you with ſafety you ſhall us deſpiſe?
Though we're too weak to wound you with our Eyes,
Our full revenge ſhall both of you purſue,
And give what to your inſolence is due.
Cid. Your heads ſhall pay for the affront you give,
And you ſhall dye, or we will ceaſe to live.
Nican. If danger cou'd our courages remove,
We were not fit t' aſpire to *Pſyche*'s love.
Polyn. Our abſence now you muſt excuſe,
We in our ſearch no farther time muſt loſe. [*Exeunt* Nican. Polyn.
Aglau. I have a truſty Villain which I'll ſend,
Who in diſguiſe ſhall their unwary ſteps attend;
And then an ambuſh ſhall for them be laid,
That their baſe lives may be to us betray'd.
Cid. The powers of all this Kingdom we'll engage,
To ſacrifice their lives to our inſatiate rage.
Aglau. They dearly ſhall by their example ſhow,
How ſoon rejected Love to dangerous Rage can grow. [*Exeunt ambo.*

ACT IV.

The Scene is a ſtately Garden belonging to the Magnificent Palace, ſeen in the former Act. The great Walk is bounded on either ſide with great Statues of Gold ſtanding upon Pedeſtals, with ſmall Figures of Gold ſitting at their feet. And in large Vaſes of Silver are Orenge, Limon, Citron, Pomegranate: and behind Mirtle, Jeſſamine, and other Trees. Beyond this a noble Arbour, through which is ſeen a leſs Walk, all of Cypreſs Trees, which leads to another Arbour at a great diſtance.

Enter Aglaura, Cidippe, Pſyche *with her Train.*

Aglau. ENough the Splendor of your Court w' have ſeen,
Such ne'er was known by any earthly Queen.
Cid. But we your Conqu'ring Lover wou'd behold,
Of whom ſuch charming ſtories you have told.
Pſyc. Oh! he's the brighteſt thing your eyes e'er ſaw;
Beauty he has might give the whole World Law.
And then ſuch tender kindneſs you ſhall ſee;
For he delights in nothing but in me.
We ſport and revel all the day,
In ſoft delights melting the hours away.
And ſuch reſiſtleſs ways he has to charm.
We kiſs, embrace, and arm in arm,
With am'rous ſighs, and ſoft diſcourſe,
Our fainting Paſſions ſtill we reinforce:
When I would ſpeak, my words he does devour;
And when he ſpeaks, I kiſs him o'er and o'er.
And when from kiſſing we our lips remove,
He tells a thouſand pretty Tales of Love.
And all the while his beauty I ſurvey,
And he ſo greedily beholds my eyes,
As he'd devour them. But a moment ſtay,
And he will you, as he did me, ſurpriſe. [*Exit* Pſyche.
Aglau. What curſed Fate is this, that did ordain,
That ſhe ſhou'd have ſuch pleaſure, we ſuch pain?
Oh that I had infection in my breath,
I my own life wou'd loſe to give her death.
Cid. Baſe Fortune! that on *Pſyche* wou'd beſtow
So vaſt a ſhare of happineſs,
And give her elder Siſters ſo much leſs,
That ſhe ſhou'd be ſo high, and we ſo low.
Aglau. Such glory yet no Monarch ever ſaw;
Such humble Vaſſals, ſuch obedient awe,

Such ſhining Palaces yet ne'er have been,
Such pomp the Sun in all his progreſs ne'er has ſeen.
Cid. A thouſand Beauties wait for her command,
As many heavenly Youths are ſtill at hand:
And to our envious eyes ſhe choſe
Theſe hated objects to expoſe.
Aglau. When we to our great joy believ'd,
That ſhe deſtroy'd had been,
Oh how the Ridling God has us deceiv'd;
We ſee her here like ſome immortal Queen,
Whom all her ſubjects ſerve not, but adore.
Cid. Oh! I ſhall die with envy: ſay no more,
But of ſome quick revenge let's meditate,
To interrupt their happy ſtate:
Let's by ſome Art cauſe fatal Jealouſies
Between theſe proſperous Lovers to ariſe.

Enter Cupid *and* Pſyche, *with many Attendants.*

Aglau. They're here: What divine Object ſtrikes my eyes?
Cid. What heavenly thing does my weak heart ſurpriſe?
Aglau. Her hated ſight I can no longer bear.
Cid. Oh with what Joy I could her heart-ſtrings tear!
Aglau. This is the goodlieſt Creature Heav'n e'er made;
And I will ſummon Hell up to my aid,
But I will *Pſyche*'s life deſtroy;
And I will then this God-like Youth enjoy.
Cid. When I am dead, he may be had by thee:
But know, *Aglaura*, I'll ne'er live to ſee
This goodly thing enjoy'd by any one but me.
Cup. Ladies ——
You ſuch a welcome in this place ſhall find,
As fits the greatneſs of your Siſters mind;
And by your entertainment I will ſhow,
What I to my lov'd *Pſyche* owe:
For her ſhall Quires of *Cupids* ſing,
For her the Sphears ſhall their loud Muſick bring.

SONG.

LET old Age in its envy and malice take pleaſure,
In buſineſs that's ſowre, and in hoarding up treaſure:
By dullneſs ſeem wiſe, be ſtill peeviſh and nice;
And what they cannot follow, let them rail at as vice.

Wiſe Youth will in Wine and in Beauty delight,
Will revel all day, and will ſport all the night.
For never to love, wou'd be never to live,
And Love muſt from Wine its new vigour receive.

How

How inſipid were life without thoſe delights,
In which luſty hot Youth ſpend their days and their nights;
Of our nauſeous dull beings we too ſoon ſhould be cloy'd,
Without thoſe bleſs'd joys which Fools only avoid.

Unhappy grave Wretches who live by falſe meaſure,
And for empty vain ſhadows refuſe real pleaſure;
To ſuch Fools while vaſt joys on the witty are waiting,
Life's a tedious long journey without ever baiting.

Now ſee what is to *Pſyche*'s beauty due,
And what th' Almighty pow'r of Love can ſhow:
Theſe ſenſeleſs Figures motion ſhall receive;
Pſyche's bright beams can life to Statues give.

[*Ten Statues leap from their Pedeſtals, and dance. Ten* Cupids *riſe from the Pedeſtals, ſtrew all the Stage with Flowers, and fly all ſeveral ways. During the Dance,* Cupid *and* Pſyche *retire.*

Cid. With what divine Magnificence
They in this place treat every ſenſe?
Aglau. Exceſs of Love and Hate diſturb my reſt,
Which equally divide my breaſt.
Cid. You may hate her, and other Princes love;
But your affection muſt from him remove,
Or th' utmoſt rage of a revengeful Rival prove.
Aglau. Mountains ſhall ſooner leap or fly,
The Sun may prove inconſtant, but not I:
All my preſumptuous Rivals I'll deſtroy;
I cannot live, unleſs I him enjoy.
Cid. Then ſuddenly reſign your hated breath;
You ſhall not live to cauſe my death.
Your fruitleſs Love ſhall ſoon be loſt.
You to your elder Siſter ſhall give place,
For I will this Celeſtial Youth embrace,
Though it the lives of half the World ſhou'd coſt.
Aglau. The pow'r of Hell ſhall ne'er change my deſign;
I wou'd a thouſand Lives before one Love reſign.
Cid. But *Pſyche*'s Life and Love muſt have an end,
Or we in vain for him contend,
What e'er againſt each other we deſign,
Againſt the common Enemy let's join.
Aglau. Should we kill her, it would provoke his hate,
And on our ſelves pull down a certain Fate.
Let's poiſon them with jealouſie;
And Lovers had much better die,
Then ſuffer that extremity.

Enter Psyche.

Psyc. Now Sisters! how do you approve my Dear?
Cid. You are secure: but give us leave to fear.
Psyc. Fear not: you are in my Protection now.
Aglau. We fear not for our selves, but you.
Psyc. For me! I am so full of Joy,
That nothing can my happiness destroy.
I have my Love, and that's enough for me.
My life is one continued Extasie.
His love to me is infinite,
Each moment does transcend
Ages of common gross delight,
For which dull sensual Men so much contend.
Cid. Why does he still conceal his name?
It argues little love, or else much shame.
Psyc. You cannot doubt his love, he is so kind;
Envy in him no cause of shame can find:
What need I care who 'tis I love,
Since all that see him must my choice approve.
Aglau. This violent Love may soon decay,
And he for some new Mistris may
Your easie heart betray.
Cid. When he shall please to frown,
You from this heighth are suddenly thrown down:
Aud when he thus shall have abandon'd you,
On whom will you inflict the vengeance due?
Psyc. Could I this fatal change survive,
I sure should be the wretched'st thing alive.
Aglau. True Love has no reserve, this is some cheat;
Your wisdom's small, though your affection's great.
Cid. Th' Impostor does by Magick Art surprise!
And this is all delusion of our eyes.
The Miracles each moment does produce,
Sufficiently may make this clear;
Your Lover does no Natural Causes use.
All Natures Order is inverted here.
Aglau. You see that his Attendants are
The winged Spirits of the Air.
He's sure some *Demon*, which commands the Winds,
And him the Clouds obey:
How easily may he delude our minds,
Wh' our bodies can by Winds and Clouds convey.
This must be some inchanted place.
Cid. (aside.) Let him be what he will, I'll him embrace.
(To her.) How soon may Fate your seeming Heav'n destroy,
Which like a dream reflects imaginary Joy.

Pſyc. Oh I am ſeiz'd with an unuſual fright,
A ſudden ſtop is put to my delight.
Aglau. This ſtill may be the Serpent you did fear,
Though with a humane ſhape he cheats your eyes;
And Heav'n by this more cruel will appear,
After this Joy to ruine by ſurpriſe.
Cid. In wrath the Oracle thy doom declar'd,
Here no effects we of its anger ſee:
Thou know'ſt not yet what ruine is prepar'd,
What dreadful Fate Heav'n does reſerve for thee.
Pſyc. How I'm amaz'd! Oh my poor trembling heart!

Enter Zephyrus.

Zeph. My Lord commands your Siſters muſt depart,
And none muſt his commands deny.
Aglau. What is't I hear! I dye, I dye!
Cid. But if I dye, I will not dye alone;
She ſhall not here remain when I am gone.
Aglau. Hold! take me with thee in thy brave deſign;
I'll in the noble execution join.

[*Both offer to ſtab at* Pſyche, *as ſhe looks another way, and are ſnatch'd away by* Zephyri.

Pſyc. Ah! what unwelcome change is this I ſee?
Muſt they ſo ſuddenly be ſnatch'd from me?

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Now let's enjoy our ſelves, the time invites:
True Love alone in privacy delights.
What is't diſturbs my *Pſyche*'s mind?
What fatal change is this I find?
Such a black ſtorm me-thinks hangs on thee now,
As I have ſeen upon the Mornings brow;
Which bluſhing firſt had promis'd a fair day,
But ſtrait did nought but dark-ſwoln Clouds diſplay.
Is it your Siſters abſence makes you grieve?
All ſuch relations you ſhou'd now forget;
Lovers ſhould for each other only live,
And having one another ſhould have no regret.
Pſyc. So ſmall a thing cannot afflict my mind.
Cup. 'Tis for ſome Rival then your griefs deſign'd.
Pſyc. This mean ſuſpition proves my Lord unkind!
Ah! did your charms but to your ſelf appear,
You'd know that I no other chains cou'd wear.
No Rhetorick can paint my Loves exceſs,
Ere mine can be deſcrib'd, it muſt be leſs.
Cup. I love thee too at ſuch a rate,
No Mortal can approach my height.

What

What is it can produce thy grief?

Pſyc. I fear you'l not afford it your relief.

Cup. If thou by any thing my wrath cou'dſt move,
'Twou'd be by thy ſuſpicion of my love.
Thou o'er my heart art grown ſo abſolute,
That no commands of thine I can diſpute:
Thou of thy pow'r know'ſt not the large extent;
To eaſe thy doubt, make an experiment.

Pſyc. No: I ſhall find a harſh repulſe, I fear.

Cup. By thy victorious eyes,
Which govern now the heart they did ſurpriſe;
By th' Gods inviolable Oath I ſwear,
By *Styx*, all thy commands ſhall be to me
Sacred, as Heav'ns decree.

Pſyc. I with theſe am'rous vows am doubly pleas'd,
I am of half my grief already eas'd.
By this all fear of coldneſs you remove,
And then you'll tell me now, who 'tis I love.

Cup. Heav'n! [*Starts.*

Pſyc. 'Tis fit that I who did great Kings refuſe,
Shou'd know who is the charming Youth I chuſe.

Cup. What do I hear?

Pſyc. 'Tis true I love, and glory in my Chains;
But to compleat my joys, it yet remains,
That thou, my Love, wou'dſt thy dear name expoſe,
And my illuſtrious choice to me diſcloſe.
Why doſt thou frown? thou muſt my doubts ſecure,
I by my Love and by this Kiſs conjure,
If thou doſt love me this aſſurance give:
'Tis Love, my Dear, makes me inquiſitive.
Thou ſhou'dſt all ſecrets to my breaſt reſign,
Beſides, th' haſt ſworn this is no longer thine.

Cup. I've ſworn; and, if you will, I muſt comply,
But then thy fatal curioſity
Inevitably ruines Thee and Me.

Pſyc. Is this my Sov'reign Empire over thee?

Cup. You muſt what e'rs within my power command;
But your extravagant deſires withſtand:
Unleſs you will abandon him you love,
And will for ever from my ſight remove.

Pſyc. You found a heart too ready to believe,
And wou'd you ſtill that poor weak heart deceive?

Cup. Muſt I my fatal ſecret then reſign?

Pſyc. Can you keep back your heart, and yet take mine?

Cup. Conſider yet what 'tis you do.

Pſyc. I fear'd I ſhou'd be thus refus'd by you,

Cup. Let me not yet my name declare.

Pſyc.

Pſyc. Oh unkind Youth! thou mak'ſt me now deſpair,
That thou'lt reward my Love, or eaſe my care.
Cup. Conſider yet, and let me hold my peace.
Pſyc. Will your unkind denials never ceaſe?
Cup. Know then, my ſelf a God I muſt declare,
Whom all the other Deities obey:
All things in Earth, Hell, Water, Air,
Muſt to my Godhead their devotion pay.
I am the God of Love, whom, to thy coſt,
Thy fooliſh curioſity has loſt.
By this thou doſt my Love to Anger turn,
And muſt in fatal deſolation mourn.
I from thy once lov'd eyes muſt flye;
For 'tis ordain'd by cruel deſtiny,
Which rules o'er all the God's and me,
That for thy folly I ſhou'd thus abandon thee.

Cupid *flies away.* *The Garden and Palace vaniſh, and* Pſyche *is left alone in a vaſt Deſart, upon the brink of a River in Mariſh, full of Willows, Flags, Bullruſhes, and Water-flowers; beyond which, is ſeen a great open Deſart.*

Pſyc. Oh! whither art thou fled, my Dear?
Why haſt thou left me here?
Of all my glorious pomp I am bereft,
And in deſpair am in a Deſart left.
Oh my misfortune! oh my crime!
I lov'd a God, and was ador'd by him.
My ſelf I baniſh'd, and am left forlorn,
A fatal ſubject of injurious ſcorn;
A ſcorn to all the Princes I've refus'd,
By my own folly I my ſelf abus'd.
Yet ſure the God is much unkind,
To fly himſelf, yet leave his power behind.
My Love remains ſtill to increaſe my care,
And heighten all the torments of deſpair.
[Pſyche *retires to the River ſide.*

Enter Aglaura, Cidippe, *with a Souldier.*

Sould. We of your Royal Father are bereft,
Who you the Heirs of this great Kingdom left.
So much he for the loſs of *Pſyche* griev'd,
That he by death his fatal grief reliev'd.
Aglau. But are not yet the Rival Princes ſlain?
Sould. We have not follow'd your Commands in vain;
The Princes are in ſight upon the Plain:
In queſt of *Pſyche* they each path will trace,
And their unwearied ſearch will bring them to this place.

So

So many of us here in ambuſh lie,
As ſoon as they approach us, they ſhall die.
Cid. Begone, we largely will reward your Loyalty. [*Exit Souldier.*
How luckily did *Zephyrus* convey
Us to this Deſart, where we may,
To our great pleaſure, ſtanding by,
Behold theſe inſolent Rivals die.
Aglau. Since of all hopes of Love we are bereft,
Revenge is all the pleaſure we have left.
Oh my bleſs'd Eyes! behold yon Face;
Pſyche is thrown upon this Deſart place.
Cid. With pleaſure I my ſufferings embrace,
Since her an equal ſufferer I find.
Is all your ſplendid Pomp to this declin'd?
Fate did your Palace to a Deſart turn,
And you for all your arrogance ſhall mourn.
Pſyc. Am I the object of my Siſters ſcorn?
Ah, had I there your fatal eyes ne'er ſeen,
I ſtill had proſp'rous in my Palace been.
You urg'd that curioſity,
Which brought this dreadful ruine upon me.
Aglau. How well did our firſt Artifice ſucceed,
She like a Prince when he's depos'd ſhould bleed.
Cid. Under our power you now a Slave remain;
Our Father's dead, and has left us to Reign.
Pſyc. No: a more glorious Fate for me's deſign'd,
Since he is gone, I'll not ſtay long behind,
Aglau. She ſhall not if ſhe wou'd;
We to be ſafe muſt ſhed her bloud.
Cid. Her with her Lovers Heads we'll firſt ſurprize,
Then to our rage her life we'll ſacrifice.
[*Exit* Aglaura *and* Cidippe, *ſmiling on* Pſyche.
Pſyc. No longer theſe misfortunes I'll endure;
Of all ſuch wounds, death is the ſovereign cure.
In this deep Stream that ſoftly by does glide,
All my misfortunes and my faults I'll hide.

She offers to throw her ſelf into the River. The God of the River ariſes upon a ſeat of Bullruſhes and Reeds, leaning upon an Urn. The *Naiades* round about him ſing.

The God ſings. *STay, ſtay, this act will much defile my ſtreams:*
With a ſhort patience ſuffer theſe extreams.
Heav'n has for thee a milder Fate in ſtore,
The time ſhall be when thou ſhalt weep no more.
And yet fair Pſyche *ne'er ſhall die.*
1 Nymph. *She ne'er ſhall die.*

2 Nymph.

2 Nymph. *She ne'er ſhall die.*
Chor. *She ne'er ſhall die.*
But ſhall be crown'd with immortality.
But ſhall be, &c.

The God ſings again. Venus *approaches, from her anger fly;*
More troubles yet your conſtancy muſt try,
But th' happy minute will e'er long arrive,
That will to you eternal freedom give.
And yet fair Pſyche *ne'er ſhall die.*
1 Nymph. *She ne'er ſhall die.*
2 Nymph. *She ne'er ſhall die.*
Chor. *She ne'er ſhall die.*
But ſhall be crown'd with immortality.
But ſhall be, &c.

Pſyc. I need not fly, I have done no offence,
I'm ſtrongly guarded by my Innocence.

Venus *deſcends in her Chariot.*

Venus. Dares *Pſyche* before me appear?
From my dread wrath you ſcorn to fly:
'Tis Impudence, not conſtancy.
I'll bend your ſtubborn heart, and make you fear.
Pſyc. Dread Goddeſs! how have I
Provok'd ſo your unwonted cruelty?
Venus. You did uſurp my Honours; Men to you
Did give that Worſhip which to me was due:
For you they did my Deity deſpiſe,
And wou'd have rais'd up Altars to your Eyes.
Pſyc. Is Beauty then (Heav'ns gift) a fault in me?
It is a fault I cannot help, you ſee.
Ven. Your Pride did firſt all Earthly Kings refuſe,
And then my Son, a God, muſt chuſe.
How durſt you thus my Heavenly Race abuſe?
Pſyc. Againſt all Kings he harden'd my poor heart,
And for himſelf he ſtruck me with his Dart:
His Beauty wou'd make hearts of Stone to melt,
And his almighty power your ſelf have felt.
Ven. Dare you with me expoſtulate?
I'll make you feel the worſt effects of hate:
My pow'r you fatally ſhall know.
And for your inſolence to Hell ſhall go. [Venus *flies away.*

Enter Nicander *and* Polynices.

Nican. How long ſhall we our ſearch purſue,
Without all hope that we ſhall *Pſyche* find?

Polyn. Each day our weary labour we renew,
And all our life must be for that design'd.
Nican. What happy Vision does salute my eyes!
Polyn. It must be *Psyche*'s face that can so much surprize.
Nican. At length the joy of both our lives is found;
Blest Fate! that brought us to this sacred ground!
Polyn. Oh Divine *Psyche!* you're at length restor'd;
We will defend you now from future harms.
Nican. Now we have found the Goddess we ador'd,
We will protect her against all Hells charms.
Psyc. Oh come not near, Heav'n does not me restore;
I have committed an unknown offence,
For which I must be snatch'd from hence,
And, Princes! I shall never see you more.
[*Furies rise, and then descend with* Psyche.
Nican. Oh cruel Fate!
Polyn. Oh my curst Stars!

Enter Souldier.

Sould. Fall on, fall on ——

Enter Souldiers, who lay in ambush, and fall upon the Princes, who kill four or five of them, the rest fly.

Nican. This from the envious Sisters must proceed.
Polyn. 'T must be their stratagem to make us bleed.
Nican. Why should we thus our lives defend,
Since *Psyche* we've for ever lost!
Polyn. 'Tis fit our hated lives should end,
But not that Slaves shou'd of the victory boast.
Nican. Why I am resolv'd I'll not this loss survive.
Polyn. Nor shou'd you think I am so tame to live.
Nican. Let's hand in hand go plunge into the deep,
There all our sorrows may for ever sleep.
Polyn. Agreed: and our immortal Souls shall that way go,
And meet our much lov'd *Psyche* down below.
[*They arm in arm fling themselves into the River.*

Enter Aglaura *and* Cidippe, *with Souldiers.*

Aglau. Villain, what Cowards did you entertain,
That two weak Men could not by you be slain?
Cid. Oh Heaven! the Princes are with *Psyche* fled.
Base Slave! thou hast forfeited thy head. [*Souldier runs out.*
Cupid *descends.*
Cup. Oh envious Fools, that *Psyche* thus pursue!

You

You both ſhall ſoon a deſerv'd vengeance find;
Hells everlaſting pangs to you are due,
Since ſhe is gone you ſhall not ſtay behind.
'Gainſt *Pſyche* you provok'd my Mothers rage,
And your deſtruction muſt my wrath aſſwage.
When from below my *Pſyche* ſhall return,
You with damn'd Spirits ſhall for ever mourn.
Ariſe ye Furies, ſnatch 'em down to Hell.
No place becomes ſuch envious Hags ſo well. [Aglaura *and* Cidippe *ſink.*

ACT V.

The *Scene* repreſents Hell, conſiſting of many burning Ruins of Buildings on each ſide: In the foremoſt Pieces are the Figures of *Prometheus* and *Siſyphus*, *Ixion* and *Tantalus*. Beyond thoſe are a great number of Furies and Devils, tormenting the damned. In the middle ariſes the Throne of *Pluto*, conſiſting of Pillars of Fire; with him *Proſerpina*; at their feet ſit *Minos*, *Æacus*, and *Rhadamanthus*. With the Throne of *Pluto* ariſe a great number of Devils and Furies, coming up at every riſing about the Houſe. Through the Pillars of *Pluto*'s Throne, at a great diſtance, is ſeen the Gate of Hell, through which a Lake of Fire is ſeen; and at a huge diſtance, on the farther ſide of that Lake, are vaſt Crowds of the Dead, waiting for *Charon*'s Boat. The following Song is ſung by Furies and Devils.

TO what great diſtreſſes proud Pſyche *is brought?*
Oh the brave miſchiefs our malice has wrought!
Such Actions become the black Subjects of Hell,
Our great Prince of Darkneſs whoe'er will ſerve well,
Chor. *Muſt to all Mortals, nay Gods ſhew their ſpight,*
And in horrour and torments of others delight.

How cool are our Flames, and how light are our Chains,
If our craft or our cruelty Souls enow gains:
In perpetual howlings and groans we take pleaſure,
Our joys by the torments of others we meaſure.
Chor. *To rob Heav'n of the fair is our greateſt delight,*
To darkneſs ſeducing the Subjects of Light.

How little did Heav'n of its Empire take care,
To let Pluto *take the Rich, Witty and Fair:*
While it does for it ſelf Fools and Monſters preſerve,
The Blind, Ugly and Poor, and the Cripple reſerve.
Chor. *Heav'n all the worſt Subjects for it ſelf does prepare,*
And leaves all the beſt for the Prince of the Air.

[A Dance of Furies.

Cidip. Some eaſe they find i' th' midſt of pain,
When Hell does a new Subject gain.
Aglau. But in the hotteſt flames this ſight would pleaſe,
And *Pſyche*'s howling will our greateſt torments eaſe.
Cid. Were mine the hotteſt Furnace of all Hell,
If ſhe were there, my flames I could bear well.
Aglau. Were I into ſome dreadful Cavern toſt,
Where the Damn'd are bound in eternal Froſt;
Where gnaſhing teeth and ſhuddering they lie,
Curſing their Births, wiſhing in vain to die:
To ſee her there would warm my icy chain,
And her extream damnation thaw my pain.
Cidip. But oh our Hell is yet to come!
With horror I expect my doom.
Aglau. There our eternal Judges are,
By their ſtern looks of mercy I deſpair.
Pſyc. Does my too criminal Love deſerve this pain?
Circl'd with horror muſt I here remain?
Through thouſand terrors I have been convey'd,
With diſmal yellings, ſhrieks and groans diſmay'd:
O'er troubl'd Billows of eternal Fire,
Where tortur'd Ghoſts muſt howl, and ne'er expire:
Where Souls ne'er reſt, but feel freſh torments ſtill,
Where furious Fiends their utmoſt rage fulfil;
Toſſing poor howling Wretches to and fro,
From raging Fires into eternal Snow.
From thence to Flames, from thence to Ice again,
In theſe extreams th' encounter equal pain,
And no refreſhing intervals can gain.
The curſed Fiends ſtill laughing at their moans,
Hugging themſelves to hear their ſhrieks and groans;
Upbraiding them with all their crimes on earth.
Each miſerable Ghoſt curſes, in vain, his birth.
Encompaſs'd with theſe horrors round,
No beam of comfort have I found.
Oh cruel *Venus!* wilt thou ne'er relent?
Canſt thou of Love ſuch an example make?
Can Love deſerve ſuch puniſhment?
Oh cruel God, thus to forſake
Me at the moment when I need him moſt!
I fear he is for ever loſt.
I could endure the horrors of this place,
Could I again behold his much-lov'd Face.

Pluto ſings. *Refrain your Tears, you ſhall no Pris'ner be;*
Beauty and Innocence in Hell are free:
They're Treaſons, Murders, Rapes, and Thefts that bring
Subjects to th' infernal King.
You are no ſubject of this place.
A God you muſt embrace.
From Hell to Heaven you muſt tranſlated be,
Where you ſhall live and love to all eternity.

Proſerp. Pſyche, *draw near: with thee this Preſent take,*
Which given to Venus, *ſoon thy Peace will make:*
Of Beauty, 'tis a Treaſury Divine,
And you're the Meſſenger ſhe did deſign.
Loſt Beauty this will ſoon reſtore,
And all defects repair:
Mortals will now afreſh her Beams adore,
And eaſe her mind of jealouſie and care.
No Beauty that has this can e'er deſpair.

Pluto. *Here are your Siſters, who your life once ſought:*
Their malice to this place has Pſyche *brought,*
And againſt her all theſe dire miſchiefs wrought.
For ever here they ſhall remain,
And ſhall in Hell ſuffer eternal pain.
But Pſyche *ſhall a Deity embrace.*
Proſerp. *Be gone, fair* Pſyche!
Pluto. *Be gone, fair* Pſyche!
Both. *Be gone, fair* Pſyche! *from this place.*
Chor. of all. *For* Pſyche *muſt the God of Love embrace.*
For Pſyche *muſt the God of Love embrace.*

Aglau. O mercy, mercy, Siſter, we implore;
You'll intercede for a Reprieve.
Cidip. No more our malice can fair *Pſyche* grieve;
You'll be a Goddeſs, we muſt you adore.
Minos. No grace for you ſhe ſhall obtain,
For you muſt here remain.
Yet for her ſake we'll eaſe you of ſome pain.
No raging pangs of ſenſe here you ſhall know,
But muſt eternal labours undergo;
And with the *Belides* for ever live,
Still ſhall wiſh death, but never die;
Each of you muſt draw water in a Sieve
To all Eternity.

[*The envious Siſters ſink, with all the Devils and Furies, and the Throne of* Pluto *vaniſhes.*

Pſyc. In vain, poor Siſters, I deplore your Fate?
Though living, you purſu'd me with your hate?
'Tis a dark Cloud upon my happineſs.
But I'll ſtrive to forget what's paſt redreſs.
Wer't not for this, my Joys I could not bear..
Immoderate joy would overthrow,
Were it not ballaſted with care.
My Love! I ſhall enjoy thee now,
Together we ſhall happy be,
And live and love to all Eternity!

Enter the Ghoſts of Polynices *and* Nicander.

[Pſyche *ſtarts.*

This was a diſmal Tragedy.
Theſe are the Princes Ghoſts we ſee:
Oh what ſad chance has brought you down to me!
Nican. We felt the extreams of love and grief,
Which never cou'd have found relief:
And hand in hand we plung'd into the deep,
To ſeek repoſe by deaths laſt ſleep.
Polyn. Since you are loſt, to eaſe us of our care,
We both obey'd a generous deſpair:
For ſince we could not live for you,
Our miſerable lives we could not bear.
To all th' inſipid World we bad adieu,
Since nothing that remain'd could pleaſe us there.
Nican. Death we enjoy'd, and heavy life remov'd,
For we in death behold your charms again:
Thoſe charms which both in life and death we lov'd,
Which we had ſigh'd and wept for there in vain.
Pſyc. Poor Ghoſts! why ſhould you ſuffer for my ſake?
In vain too 'twas your death deſign'd,
Now I no recompence can make;
And then by force I was ungrateful and unkind:
Could I have lov'd, your merits were ſo much,
Your equal greatneſs and your vertues ſuch:
I ne'er had fix'd my choice on one of you,
But muſt eternally have waver'd betwixt two. [*Shee weeps.*
Nican. Who would not willingly reſign his breath,
Who by a glorious death,
The honour of your Tears might gain?
Polyn. I cannot now of Fate complain;
Nor would with tedious Fools above remain.
Nor can your pity now or love implore.
Since you from hence muſt mount above,
And muſt embrace th' all pow'rful God of Love,
And at an humble diſtance we muſt you adore.

Nican.

Nican. Nor can we you of cruelty accuſe,
Who for a God all mortal Kings refuſe.
Polyn. Farewel: our Deſtiny recalls us now,
And we t' immortal happineſs ſhould go,
If without you it could be ſo.
Pſyc. Stay, Princes! and declare where, and what it is,
This everlaſting place of Bliſs?
Nican. In cool ſweet ſhades, and in immortal Groves,
By Chryſtal Rivulets, and eternal Springs;
Where the moſt beauteous Queens and greateſt Kings,
Do celebrate their everlaſting Loves.
Polyn. In ever peaceful, freſh, and fragrant Bowers,
Adorn'd with never-fading Fruits and Flowers;
Where perfum'd Winds refreſh their heat,
And where immortal Quires their Loves repeat.
There your great Father we have ſeen,
Where he afreſh enjoys his beauteous Queen.
Nican. Who did for hopeleſs Loves themſelves deſtroy,
Are there the greateſt Hero's far;
Your God with infinite and endleſs joy,
Rewards their meritorious deſpair.
Polyn. Each moment there does far out-go
The happieſt minute earthly Lovers know.
With ſoft eternal Chains of Love combin'd,
There they are ever youthful, ever kind:
Their endleſs pleaſure is all Extaſie,
And not like Earthly joys diſturb'd with care;
Each fruitful minute does new pleaſures bear:
From all unwelcome interruption free;
Each moment there more pleaſure is deſign'd,
Than mortal Lovers can, when firſt united, find.
Pſyc. 'Tis fit that you thoſe glorious Crowns ſhould wear,
Of Friends and Rivals, the unequall'd pair.
Nican. The ſplendid Crowns of Lovers we 've receiv'd,
But are by Heav'n of you bereav'd.
Strangers to Love we are alone;
Our Love is up to Adoration grown:
Our hours in contemplation we'll employ,
Of the tranſcendent glory which you ſhare;
Our am'rous ſighs ſhall turn to Holy Pray'r;
While we that Friendſhip, which you made, enjoy.
Polyn. For ever without you we muſt remain.
And now we muſt no longer ſtay,
Leſt we contribute to your pain,
And your immortal happineſs delay.
Farewel for ever, and remember me.
Nican. Farewel for ever, and remember me. [*Ex.* Nic. *and* Pol.
Pſyc.

Psyc. Farewel! such Friends and Rivals ne'er were found.
How much am I by Love and Honour bound? [*Exit* Psyc.

The Scene *changes to the Marish which was in the former Act.*

Enter Psyche.

Psyc. These Lovers must for ever in my thoughts remain;
And would for ever give me pain,
Did not the thoughts of him my mind employ,
Who'll banish all my cares, and will compleat my joy.
But ah! my sufferings have transform'd me so,
My decay'd Face, and languid Eyes;
My ruin'd Beauty he'll not know,
Or if he does, he will my looks despise.
But I have here a sacred Treasury,
Which all my ruins may repair;
Since it can make *Venus* her self more fair,
Is't an offence if it be us'd by me? [*She opens the Box.*
Oh! what dark fumes oppress my clouded brain!
I go, and never shall return again.
Farewel, my Love, for ever fare the well. [*She swounds.*

Cupid *descends.*

Cup. Love o'er my anger has the Victory gain'd;
Thy pardon is at length obtain'd:
Thy dangers and thy sufferings I have known,
My Love has made them all my own:
With thee I languish'd, with thee did complain,
With thee I sigh'd and wept, and suffer'd all thy pain,
Why dost thou hide thy conqu'ring Eyes?
Dost thou a Lover and a God despise?
Open thy pretty Eyes, I am still the same,
I still retain my unresisted flame;
And all my Vows are still paid to thy sacred name.
She's dead, she's dead! O whither art thou gone?
O Tyrant death! what has thy bold hand done?
O cruel Mother! whose inflatiate rage
Could thee against such innocence engage?
Thou hast, by this, all ties of duty broke;
No longer I'll endure thy yoke:
My filial duty to revenge shall turn,
You soon shall feel what to my pow'r you owe;
With hopeless Love you shall for ever burn,
Your unregarded pains no ease shall know:
You still shall rage with Love, and to despair shall bow.

Venus

Venus *descends in her Chariot.*

Ven. What insolence is this I hear?
This from a Son I can no longer bear.
Resume your Duty, and put on your fear.
Cup. Duty to her, who has made *Psyche* dye?
Revenge shall Piety succeed,
Revenge shall make your cruel heart to bleed.
And by your torments you shall find that I
Am much the greater Deity.
Ven. Sure the great Thunderer asleep does lye,
Or does not hear this Blasphemy.
Cup. My pow'r can make the Thund'rer bow;
You all the dire effects of it shall know.
For thee, dear *Psyche*, full revenge I'll take,
And of my Mother first I'll the example make.
What hellish Rage provok'd you to this deed?
Whom Monsters would have spar'd, you have made bleed.
Ven. You suffer'd her my glory to invade;
And when I call'd *Apollo* to my aid,
You did the fraudulent God subborn.
For you he that ambiguous Riddle made,
And promis'd Judgment did to mercy turn;
And by that Oracle I was betray'd.
Now to deceive me is beyond his power,
Not all his Art can make her live one hour;
For none but I could *Psyche*'s Life restore.
Cup. Can you? Oh do, and punish me;
If there were any Crime, 'twas mine.
For her I'd lose my immortality.
Oh give me her, I'll all my power resign.
Here take my Quiver, take my Darts;
You when you please shall rule all hearts:
You shall the power of Love to that of Beauty join.
Ven. *Psyche* and you have so provok'd my hate,
Your Pray'rs as soon may alter Fate.
Cup. Behold the all-commanding Deity, [*Kneels.*
An humble suppliant on his knee!
Look on my Love! can you this form destroy?
Oh my lov'd *Psyche!* Oh my only Joy!
Oh give me her! my duty I'll retain,
Your Son for ever shall your humblest Slave remain!
Ven. I must be gone, you sigh and beg in vain.
Cup. Oh hear my Pray'rs! do not my Tears despise;
Behold the humble offerings of my Eyes.
If ever yet true grief y'ave felt,
Your marble heart will at this object melt.

Ah think what pity to your Son is due!
Think but what wonders he has wrought for you!
How many hearts he's wounded for your sake!
Remember this, and then some pity take.
Ven. No more for her will I neglected be,
Nor will I be affronted more by thee:
I'll be reveng'd on all your insolence,
And with eternal death I'll punish her offence.
Cup. Oh cruel Murdress! I will take her part,
And will revenge my self upon your heart;
Against your Breast I'll sharpen every Dart.
You in despair shall languish and decay:
Those feeble charms y' have left shall fly away.
Languid shall be your looks, and weak your Eyes,
Your former Worshippers shall your faint Beams despise!
No Lover more you e'er shall gain,
I will be deaf when ever you complain;
Without Love's pow'r, all Beauty is but vain.
Its seeming Essence Beauty does derive
Only from the reflection which Love makes
Like that ——
Which from reflected Light a colour takes.
The Body does no being to it give.
Tremble at my revenge, for well you know,
What I by my resistless pow'r can do.
Ven. Farewel you insolent and daring Boy:
A living *Psyche* you shall ne'er enjoy.
[*She mounts her Chariot and flies away.*
Cup. Oh cruel Mother! do not fly;
Oh think how great must be that misery,
Makes an immortal Being wish to dye.
Spight of my self I must for ever live,
And without her, eternally must grieve:
You I conjure by all the Heavenly Race,
By all the pleasure of each stollen embrace;
By the most ravishing moment of delight
You ever had free from your Husbands sight,
By all the joys of day, and raptures of the night,
Return, return.
Venus *being almost lost in the Clouds.* Cupid *flies up and gets into her Chariot, and brings her back.*
Do but my *Psyche*'s Life restore,
And I will never ask you more:
Do it, and all your pleasures I'll renew,
And add a thousand which you never knew.
Ven. At length your sad complaints have soften'd me ——
Psyche shall live ——

Cup. Oh Heav'n.
Ven. But not for thee;
Nature returns, and I forgive my Boy.
Reſtor'd you her ſhall ſee, but never ſhall enjoy.
Cup. What dreadful words are theſe I hear!

Jupiter *appears upon his Eagle.*

But lo! the mighty Thund'rer does appear,
To him your cruelty I will reveal:
To the great *Jupiter* I now appeal.
Soul of the World, I beg you'll do me right,
Againſt my ſavage Mothers rage and ſpight.
Jup. Goddeſs of Beauty, you muſt gentle grow,
And your ſevere Decree recal;
T' almighty Love the Univerſe muſt bow,
And without him muſt to confuſion fall:
On Earth no Prince, in Heav'n no Deity,
Is from his pow'rful Scepter free.
Do not the God of Union provoke,
Leſt Heav'n and Earth feel his revenging ſtroke.
Should he the utmoſt of his Rage employ,
He might the frame o' th' Univerſe deſtroy.
Ven. Should he a Mortal for his Wife embrace!
And by this hated Match blemiſh my heavenly Race!
Jup. *Pſyche* to him ſhall equal be,
She is no Mortal, ſhe ſhall never dye;
For I will give her immortality.
Ven. This puts a happy end to all our ſtrife.
Pſyche, ariſe: from ſeeming death return,
And with my Son enjoy immortal Life,
Where you ſhall ever love, and never mourn. [Pſyche *revives.*
Pſyc. Who is it calls me from deaths ſilent night,
And makes me thus reviſit Light?
Oh Gods, am I again bleſt with thy ſight!
Cup. For ever both your Godheads I'll adore,
Who did my *Pſyche* to my arms reſtore,
Nor Hell nor Heaven ſhall make me quit thee more.
Pſyc. Do I again view thy Celeſtial Face!
Cup. Do I again my Dear, my Love embrace!
Jup. Come, happy Lovers, you with me ſhall go,
Where you the utmoſt Joys of Love ſhall know:
Amongſt the Gods I *Pſyche* will tranſlate,
And they ſhall theſe bleſt Nuptials celebrate:
In honour to them, I will ſummon all
The pow'rs of Heaven to keep a Feſtival.

The SCENE *changes to a* Heav'n.

In the higheſt part is the Palace of *Jupiter*; the Columns and all the Ornaments of it of Gold. The lower part is all fill'd with *Angels* and *Cupids*, with a round open *Temple* in the midſt of it. This *Temple* is juſt before the *Sun*, whoſe Beams break fiercely through it in divers places: Below the Heav'ns, ſeveral Semi-circular Clouds, of the breadth of the whole Houſe, deſcend. In theſe Clouds ſit the Muſicians, richly Habited. On the front-Cloud ſits *Apollo* alone. While the Muſicians are deſcending, they play a *Symphony*, till *Apollo* begins, and ſings as follows.

Apollo Sings.

Apollo. *Aſſemble all the Heavenly Quire,*
And let the God of Love inſpire
Your Hearts with his Celeſtial Fire:
The God of Love's a happy Lover made,
His raviſhing delights ſhall never fade.

Chorus of *Apollo*'s followers with Flagellets and Recorders. *With his immortal* Pſyche *He*
Now taſts thoſe Joys which ought to be
As laſting as Eternity.

Apollo. *Come Lovers, from the* Elizian *Groves,*
And celebrate theſe Heavenly Loves.

[A *Symphony* of *Pipes*, then Enter ſix Princes of *Elizium*, with ſix Ladies.

Apollo. Bacchus *with all your jolly Crew,*
Come revel at theſe Nuptials too.

[A *Symphony* of *Hoboys*, then Enter *Bacchus*, with the *Mænades* and *Ægipanes*.

Apollo. *Come all ye winged Spirits of the Skies,*
And all ye mighty Deities.

[A *Symphony* of *Recorders*. *Cupids* and *Spirits* deſcend, hanging in the Skies, *Gods* and *Goddeſſes* in Chariots and Clouds.

Apollo. *You all his humble Vaſſals are*
And in this Joy ſhould have a ſhare.
Chorus. *With his immortal* Pſyche *He*
Now taſts, &c.

1 *Elyſian* Lover ſings. *On Earth by unkindneſs are often deſtroy'd*
The Delights in the Nymphs, who are ſo much ador'd;
But poor Lovers by kindneſs are cloy'd,
The pleaſures their Love does afford. 2 Treble

2 Treble. *With Sighs and with Tears,*
With Jealousies, Griefs, and with Fears,
The wretched poor Lover is tost,
For a few moments Pleasure his Liberty's lost.

3 Treble. *How short are those moments, yet how few they employ!*
Ah how short! ah how short is the Joy!

2 Treble. *Ah how short! ah how short is the Joy!*

1 Treble. *Ah how short! ah how short is the Joy!*

Chorus of three Trebles to the Recorder, Organ, and Harpsicals. *Thus wretched Mankind does suffer below,*
And in Heav'n each Godhead to Cupid *does bow.*
But Love, Love was ne'er perfect till now.

A Symphony of soft Musick of all the Instruments. Then *Jupiter* descends in a Machine, with *Cupid* on one side, and *Psyche* on the other. Then a Dance of six *Elizian* Princes, gloriously habited.

Mars sings to a Warlike Movement. *Behold the God, whose mighty Pow'r*
We all have felt, and all adore;
To him I all my Triumphs owe,
To him my Trophies I must yield:
He makes victorious Monarchs bow,
And from the Conqu'ror gains the Field.

Chorus to Trumpets, Kettle-Drums, Flutes, and Warlike Musick. *He turns all the Horrors of War to Delight,*
And were there no Love, no Heroes would fight.
[A Returnello by Martial Instruments, &c.

Mars. *Honour to Battel spurs them on,*
Honour brings Pow'rs, when War is done:
But who would venture Life for Pow'r,
Only to govern dull Mankind!
'Tis Woman, Woman they adore;
For Beauty they those Dangers find.

Chorus to Warlike Musick. *No Princes the Toils of Ambition would prove,*
Or Dominion would prize if it were not for Love.
[A Returnello again.

Bacchus. *The Delights of the Bottle, and the Charms of good Wine,*
To the Power and the Pleasures of Love must resign:
Though the Night in the Joys of good Drinking be past,
The Debauches but till the next Morning will last.

Chorus to Hoboys and Rustick Musick of *Mænades* and *Ægipanes*. *But Love's great Debauch is more lasting and strong;*
For that often lasts a Man all his Life long.
[A Returnello again.
Bacchus.

Bacchus. *Love and Wine are the Bonds which faſten us all;*
The World but for theſe to Confuſion would fall;
Were it not for the Pleaſures of Love and good Wine,
Mankind for each Triſle their Lives would reſign.

Chorus. *They'd not value dull Life, or would live without thinking;*
Nor would Kings rule the World, but for Love and good drinking.
—[A Returnello again.

Apollo. *But to Love! to Love, the great Union they owe*
All in Earth and in Heav'n to his Sceptre muſt bow.

A general Chorus of all the Voices and Inſtruments. The Dancers mingle with the Singers.

All Joy to this Celeſtial Pair,
Who thus, by Heav'n, united are:
'Tis a great thing worth Heav'ns Deſign,
To make Love's Pow'r with Beauty's join.

[Six Attendants to the *Elizian* Princes bring in Portico's of Arbours, adorn'd with Feſtoons and Garlands, through which the Princes and they dance; the Attendants ſtill placing them in ſeveral Figures.

Jup. For ever happy in your *Pſyche* be;
Who now is crown'd with Immortality;
On Earth Love never is from Troubles free,
But here 'tis one Eternal Ecſtaſie:
'Mongſt all the Joys which Heav'n and Earth can find,
Love's the moſt glorious Object of the Mind.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

WHat e'er the Poet has deſerv'd from you,
Would you the Actors for his faults undo,
The Painter, Dancer, and Muſician too?
For you thoſe Men of skill have done their beſt:
But we deſerve much more than all the reſt.
We have ſtak'd all we have to treat you here,
And therefore, Sirs, you ſhould not be ſevere.
We in one Veſſel have adventur'd all;
The loſs, ſhould we be Shipwrack'd, were not ſmall.
But if it be decreed that we muſt fall,
We fall with honour: Gallants you can tell,
No foreign Stage can ours in Pomp excel,
And here none e'er ſhall treat you half ſo well.
Poor Players have this day that Splendor ſhown,
Which yet but by Great Monarchs has been done.
Whilſt our rich Neighbours mock us for't, we know
Already th' utmoſt they intend to do.
Yet all the Fame you give 'em we allow,
To their beſt Plays, and their beſt Actors too.
But, Sirs ——
Good Plays from Cenſure here you'll not exempt,
Yet can like Farces, there below contempt
Drolls which ſo courſe, ſo dull, ſo bawdy are,
The dirty Rout would damn 'em in a Fair:
Yet Gentlemen ſuch Stuff will daily ſee;
Nay, Ladies too, will in the Boxes be:
What is become of former Modeſty?
Yet ——
Beſt Judges will our Ornaments allow,
Though they the wrong-ſide of the Arras *ſhow.*
But Oh a long farewell to all this ſort
Of Plays, which this vaſt Town can not ſupport.
If you could be content th' Expence to bear,
We would Improve and Treat you better ev'ry Year.

FINIS.

1. *Tartuff*, or the *French* Puritan.
2. Forc'd Marriage, or the Jealous Bridegroom.
3. *Engliſh Monſieur.*
4. All miſtaken, or the mad Couple.
5. Generous Enemies, or the Ridiculous Lovers.
6. The Plain-Dealer.
7. *Sertorius*, a Tragedy.
8. *Nero*, a Tragedy.
9. *Sophonisba*, or *Hanibal*'s Overthrow.
10. *Gloriana*, or the Court of *Auguſtus Cæſar.*
11. *Alexander* the Great.
12. *Mythridates* King of *Pontus.*
13. *Oedipus* King of *Thebes.*
14. *Cæſar Borgia.*
15. *Theodoſius*, or the Force of Love.
16. Madam *Fickle*, or the Witty Falſe One.
17. The Fond Husband, or the Plotting Siſters.
18. Eſquire *Old-Sap*, or the Night-Adventures.
19. Fool turn'd Critick.
20. Vertuous Wife, or Good Luck at Laſt.
21. The Fatal Wager.
22. *Andromache.*
23. *Caliſto*, or the Chaſt Nymph.
24. Deſtruction of *Jeruſalem*, in two Parts.
25. Ambitious Stateſman, or the Loyal Favourite.
26. Miſery of Civil War.
27. The Murder of the Duke of *Gloceſter.*
28. *Thyeſtes*, a Tragedy.
29. *Hamlet* Pr. of *Denmark*, a Tragedy.
30. The Orphan, or the Unhappy Marriage.
31. The Souldiers Fortune.
32. *Tamerlain* the Great.
33. Mr *Limberham*, or the Kind Keeper.
34. Miſtaken Husband.
35. Notes on th'Emperor of *Morocco*, by the Wits.
36. *Eſſex* and *Elizabeth*, or the Unhappy Favourite.
37. Vertue Betray'd, or *Anna Bullen.*
38. King *Lear.*
39. *Abdellazor*, or the *Moor*'s Revenge.
40. Town Fop, or Sir *Tim. Tawdry.*
41. *Rare-en tout*, a *French* Comedy.
42. *Moor* of *Venice.*
43. Countrey Wife.
44. City Politicks.
45. Duke of *Guiſe.*
46. *Philaſter*, or Love lies a Bleeding.
48. Grateful Servant.
49. Atheiſt, or the ſecond Part of the Souldiers Fortune.
50. *Conſtantine.*
51. *Valentinian.*
52. Amorous Prince.
53. *Dutch* Lovers.
54. Woman Bully.
55. Reformation.
56. *Hero* and *Leander.*
57. Fatal Jealouſie.
58. Iſland Queen, or *Mary* Queen of *Scotland.*
59. Empreſs of *Morocco.*
60. Common-wealth of Women.
61. The Noble Stranger.
62. Amends for Ladies.
63. *Albumazor.*
64. The Tragedy of *Albertus.*
65. Royal King.
66. Humerous Courtier.
67. The *Hollander.*
68. Merchant of *Venice.*
69. Falſe Count.
70. Rover, Second Part.
71. Counterfeits.
72. *Troylus* and *Creſſida.*
73. *Spaniſh* Fryer.
74. *Lucius Junius Brutus.*
75. *Brutus* of *Alba.*
76. *Caius Marius.*
77. *Byron*'s Conſpiracy, Part I.
78. *Byron*'s Conſpiracy, Part II.
79. Loyal Brother.
80. *Rollo* Duke of *Normandy.*
81. Maids Tragedy.